

In my life, I find that I am always counting down by myself in endless darkness and deep loneliness. And that sudden burst of dazzling light was short and weak. I lay down quietly and looked around this dark, small square space. There was no light, no color, and no exit. I can only cry silently and scream silently. I embraced this last dazzling light, and the person's appearance became clearer.

The final journey of my life began so simply. I move towards the bright, thermostatic animal far away from home, shining with the light of hope. Just to reach the place that was about to disappear, in the scattered light... I saw hope, and I called this small piece of beauty "hope." That is the hope of standing on the same side as something as wonderful as life, and even if my eyes cannot see it, I will still remember it forever.

Danaiyanat Koprannaphakun

Chapter 1

The bright light in the isolation zone in the middle of the road suddenly appeared in a circular shape, and then gradually disappeared and turned dark. The light came on again, but like fireworks at night, it eventually disappeared. The air around him was dead silent, only the sound of heavy breathing could be heard, and everything in front of him became hazy again.

Add molasses peach! Although the young man's eyes were hazy, he was very familiar with the surrounding environment, and he did not want to pay too much attention to the depressive atmosphere. There was no hope. Doctors started treating him a long time ago, but his vision is still improving every day?

"You are Danaiyanat Koprannaphakun, right?"

A familiar voice sounded, and the young man confirmed.

"Based on the eye exam and vision test, I think things don't look good. The function of your eyes has declined since the last time you were checked. I don't want you to be too worried, but I still want you to be prepared."

It was becoming increasingly difficult for Day to remember what the doctor looked like. Now he can see the water and the doctor said word by word, but in fact everything is blurry. It's as if the world around you is blocked by a thick curtain of water. If he wanted to see clearly, he had to get as close as possible. But he didn't like doing it. It was like telling a stranger that he had an eye problem, even though it was a foregone conclusion. Chronic keratitis had damaged his vision for a whole year, and it just kept going. of deterioration.

"How much time do I have?" The consulting room was quiet, and he broke the silence. "I really don't want to say anything negative, but I still hope that you and your home will deteriorate, and one day you may become completely blind" The doctor's voice was filled with depression.

"How long?" Day said trying to remain polite, but there was anxiety in his voice.

The exact number: "I can't give you an exact number. There are many possibilities. But judging from my past experience..." She stopped and took a deep breath, "I think it may not be more than six months."

The young man responded politely and stood up to salute. A hand quickly supported him, and he knew it was his brother without turning around. He smelled the faint smell of his brother's cologne. His brother helped him out of the consulting room, and he almost fell down. "You wait here, I'll pay for the medicine first."

While his brother was talking, he led him to sit on the hospital bench. The sounds around him made him feel like he was near a pharmacy. The young man sat glumly, and his brother left after giving a few instructions. The young man watched silently as his brother disappeared from sight. He stood up immediately, but he didn't understand why he stood up or what he wanted to do. But the words "six months" kept vibrating in his mind. He really wanted to escape from here, as far away as possible, and if possible, he never wanted to come back.

Peach with molasses! The whole building was a light cream color. The young man grabbed the handrail and walked along the corridor. He planned to leave as soon as possible. He should get a taxi and go wherever he wanted to go. After that, he may start a new journey. The young man walked forward at a loss like a lost child until he reached the end of the corridor and the sun shone on the ground. He had nothing to hold on to, and he couldn't see the road ahead clearly, but he stepped out without hesitation.

"Do you want flowers, little brother? Fifty baht a bunch."

"Young man, do you want to buy a lottery ticket? You will be rich tomorrow."

"What's the matter with you? You're walking too slowly." "Want to take a motorcycle, little brother? You decide how much it will cost." "

"Would you like to order food? There is also roast pork available."

"Young man, can you lend me some money? I want to find my child, but I'm lost."

"Support our handmade dessert bar, we are raising funds for the Association for the Blind."

Completely contrary to what he had imagined before, he became more and more confused as he walked, feeling like he was lost in a huge maze. He stumbled as he walked, his sense of direction based on his memory gradually blurring. He found that he was just following pedestrians around. He smelled all kinds of smells, but none of them were familiar to him. He

wanted to find something to lean on, but the street vendor asked him to walk very carefully for fear of hitting something. "Oh my God, are you blind? Do you need help crossing the road?"

asked a stranger, with a mixture of sympathy and impatience in his voice. The young man did not respond. He was heartbroken that he encountered someone with malicious intentions, and his mind was in a mess. But before he could answer, the strong arm grabbed his arm tightly and led him. He could only follow and felt that he was stepping on a slightly higher platform. He thought he had reached the end of the sidewalk. He felt dissatisfied with this unsolicited help.

"Thanks."

The young man said as he broke away from the stranger's hand. The voice on the other side suddenly got louder, but that was about it. He saw the man wave and leave. The crowd around him started moving again, getting farther and farther away from him. There was a sudden chill in his heart. He glanced around and realized that he had made a complete mistake. This is not a sidewalk, but the center of the road. Pedestrians passed in front and behind him. The world was starting to become chaotic and he didn't know what to do.

"Is there anyone... I..."

Day decided to seek help from pedestrians. He reached out to touch the shoulder of the person in front of him, but at that moment, everything became chaotic and he could only see shadows around him. A gust of wind blew, the traffic lights turned green, and the vehicles began to move again. Less than a shoulder's width away from him, a motorcycle sped past. If he had taken half a step more, he might have been hit and killed on this road. His legs were shaking uncontrollably. Since his vision became impaired, he has never acted alone.

"Please..."

"Help..."

"Help!"

His voice grew louder and louder, until it became a cry of despair. Things were constantly moving around him, and Day couldn't tell which side was the road and which was the median. He doesn't know where in the world he is now. Everything became dark, and the despair in his heart engulfed him. He tried to reach out and grab someone, but all he caught was a worn-out metal railing. Someone laughed at him from a passing vehicle.

"Help!"

Day screamed for help as loud as he could, but his cries were almost drowned out by the din around him. He didn't know how long he stood there. One minute? Ten minutes or more? Countless pedestrians may have passed by him, and his mind was spinning.

The young man didn't want to stay here until dark, when things would get worse. After dark, it will be harder for drivers to see pedestrians. If he took even one step forward he could be hit by a car. He suddenly smiled faintly and decided to take his right leg and walk forward. What should come will always come.

Walk forward with your right leg, and what should come will always come. "What are you doing? Do you want to die?"

There was a sharp sound, and suddenly a hand tightly grabbed the young man's arm and pulled him back forcefully. Day's body hit the chest of the man yelling at him. He smelled a pungent smell of smoke. In Day's blurred vision, he was very close to the stranger in front of him, so close that he could see his faint stubble, as if it had grown out after just shaving. . The weathered skin looked very rough. From this angle, Day couldn't see the man's entire face clearly.

"I can't see very well," Day stammered.

"Then why are you here? Where are you going?"

There was no tenderness, comfort or concern in this voice, just a straightforward inquiry. But honestly, the stranger seemed to be the only one willing to help him in this situation.

"I want to go home," the young man replied dejectedly, silently accepting that it is not easy to live alone with limited vision, especially in a strange place. Now, nothing is more important than surviving. The incident still sent shivers down his spine.

"Can you take a motorcycle?" the voice from the front asked.

"OK."

After hearing Day's answer, the stranger slowly led Day's hand to the back seat of the motorcycle. At the same time, rapid sirens sounded all around. Young people can roughly imagine how chaotic the surroundings are now. The strange man stopped his motorcycle, seemingly to rescue him from the rightmost lane. This scene undoubtedly attracted the attention of many people. As the red light turned on, people gathered in the middle of the road, and there was a lot of gossip. Day wanted to leave here as soon as possible.

"Come up."

The stranger shouted, starting the motorcycle at the same time. Day quickly jumped on it. He clearly recalled how to sit firmly. His feet were firmly on the pedals, but he didn't know where to put his hands because the motorcycle had no armrests. Before he could hesitate, the stranger's hand reached out and took Day's hand, holding him tightly around his waist, reminding him not

to be naughty if he couldn't see. Day couldn't help but laugh. He didn't know if it was a complaint or a joke, but this was the first time Day laughed out loud today. No, it was probably the first time in months that I laughed out loud. "Thank you"

Day yelled into the fast wind. He simply explained the way home to the stranger, who immediately understood. Day decided to say thanks. In his heart he wants to give back or do something to show gratitude, but he doesn't know what to do.

"You're welcome, I didn't mean to help you."

The voice responded coldly. The young man was a little confused by this response and didn't know what to say.

"I just don't want to see anyone die in front of me...that's all."

The low voice continued without any hesitation. Day couldn't help laughing and was a little surprised by this unusual reaction. He realized that he had misunderstood. If most people are willing to help, it's either out of pity or because they want to get some kind of reward, but the man in front of them is different. "What's your name?" Day asked.

The man in front of him smiled, and then replied, "Mhok."

This short answer seems like a joke from heaven. Day feels like his life is lost in a thick fog with no way out. But now, a stranger is willing to lend a hand to help him, and this person happens to be named "Mhok". It seems that God has arranged the most wonderful coincidence.

"Do I need to tell you my name?" Day asked.

"No...we may never meet again after we get to your house. Such a blunt rejection did not offend Day. On the contrary, he found himself attracted to this mysterious and forthright person. This mysterious and straightforward stranger was full of curiosity. At this moment, he felt an unspeakable regret in his heart. It would be interesting if there were more people like this in the world.

"My name is Day, and it's okay if you know it or forget it, but I want to tell you...that's all."

Chapter 2

"Where did Day go!"

The person who shouted loudly was his mother. To Mhok, he was not surprised because Day's mother was a nationally renowned chef. The middle-aged woman started yelling as soon as she stepped into the home. Day heard the low muttering of the strange man next to him.

"It's all my fault, Mom," his brother explained.

"Can you stop pretending to be pitiful?" Day said with a hint of displeasure, "I ran out of the hospital by myself, and happened to meet a kind person who helped me, and he sent me back." He said and pointed to Mhok.

"What's wrong, Day? Where did you go? Why did you run away? Why didn't you tell your mother if something happened? What would your mother do if something happened to you?" Day's mother's voice was full of anxiety.

"If something happens to me, my mother doesn't have to do anything, because I am already like this. The doctor said that I will be completely blind in a few months. Can anyone help me? In the end, I can only rely on Myself!" His voice rose, almost becoming a roar. All the helplessness and inferiority came out at this moment. Day knew in his heart that his mother had done nothing wrong and she had always been the one who took good care of him. But he still couldn't help but feel pain, and he wanted to scream. He knows that his current behavior is bad, as if he is looking for someone to share his pain.

"I'm sorry, Mom."

After a moment of silence, the young man apologized. He heard his mother's heavy sigh, and seemed to hear it from his brother as well.

"How about canceling the nursing interview first, Mom. Day probably doesn't want to talk to anyone right now. They'll just annoy each other," Night said.

"But I have to fly to Milan tomorrow." That's all my mother said, and then she fell silent. Day raised his left hand, clearly aware. His mother wanted someone to take care of him, mostly because he had just hit the kitchen table and cut a gash on his finger. She fears the next accident might be worse than this.

"Look, Mom, I brought someone." Day turned his head and pointed at Mhok.

"What? I just sent you home, I'm ready to go now" Mhok whispered.

Day whispered, "You just need to pretend to be doing an interview. Then when you hear the salary, act dissatisfied, then you don't have to do the interview, and you can leave then."

"Why do you need me to help you? I've already done my best by sending you home." The man complained.

"First of all, you are doing a good deed, that is, helping my mother, so that she will feel at ease. You will definitely go to heaven in the future. Oh, and one more thing, I will remember to owe you a favor, no, two favors, including you taking me home. If you need help in the future, just come and tell me, but a blind person like me may not be able to help you much."

The young man said a lot, but the other party did not respond. Day saw the man walking straight up to his mother and brother, talking to them about something, but he couldn't hear clearly. He stayed there quietly. He thought Mhok would refuse directly, but luckily he didn't. His mother asked him to come to the living room to chat with her, so he had no choice but to follow in.

"What's your name? How old are you?"

"My name is Mhok, I'm 25 years old."

"Where did you graduate?"

"I graduated from a technical school."

"What job have you had before?"

"I worked various jobs, repairing cars, cleaning air conditioners, connecting electrical wiring, whatever someone hired me to do. Also, I sometimes drove a motorcycle."

Day laughed out loud. Mhok really looked like he was here for an interview. He could imagine his mother's expression when she heard the background of the person in front of him, because all the caregivers who came before were at least college graduates, or at least had some experience in nursing. System training courses. No one dares to use someone who graduated from a technical school to fill such a position. Night also asked Mhok a lot of questions, mostly about his commute, working hours and accommodation.

"The work you need to do is to help Day adapt to the possibility of blindness in the future. The doctor said he has about six months to go. During this time, Day will need to learn how to use crutches, learn Braille, and learn to take care of himself. Basic daily life, it is not convenient for him to do these things alone for the time being. This work may only be temporary until Day can adapt to it on his own." Day's mother explained in detail.

"Are you ready to get to work?"

"Tomorrow."

"The salary is 50,000, including room and board and all overtime pay. You can take one day off per week, but you need to agree with me on which day to take off first, because I need to arrange shifts." Night said.

Day smiled slightly at the thought of his mother and brother being immediately rejected by this man.

"Okay, I'll start working tomorrow," Mhok replied calmly, which surprised Day.

"Wait a moment!"

Day couldn't help but stood up and hurriedly followed the man, then pulled Mhok and asked him to go outside to chat privately. His mother and brother did not object, as they had always asked the caregiver to communicate with Day privately.

"I told you to refuse!"

Day said with a hint of annoyance as he walked out of the living room and closed the door. Mhok couldn't help but laugh, which made him angrier.

"I never said I would refuse. Although this care taker job is not so arbitrary, the salary is 50,000. If you want to earn more, you have to win the lottery."

"I don't need you to take care of me. You see, I can take care of myself." Day retorted.

"Really? Who almost lost their life on the road?" Mhok shot back.

Day felt frustrated and didn't know how to respond, but he became increasingly angry and said firmly: "I don't know, but I'm sure I don't need you to take care of me."

"Whatever you want, it's your mother who pays me, not you." Mhok chuckled.

Day was furious, but before he could snap back the door opened. Night comes out and says he has the book ready. Day is a journalism student and loves reading books. Every time he interviews a caregiver, he asks them to read aloud from a book as an interview item. Because sometimes he will ask his caregiver to read him a whole book or more, depending on his mood.

"Which one do you want to read?" Night asked.

He held a book and Day took his brother's arm back to the living room. Although he usually doesn't have a good relationship with his brother, now he wants to go against Mhok more. Day remembered that in the past, he had asked various questions to interviewees to see their

reactions. For those who seemed serious, he had them read "The True Man" because it was so touching. For those who seemed nervous, he jokingly asked them to read "The Little Prince" to gauge their reactions. But for someone as vulgar as Mhok, a complex piece of literature might be required.

"Until the red star fades." He mentioned the name of a literary novel that chronicled the history of ethnic cleansing by the Khmer Rouge. It's about a blind man named Ruthira who had to escape from Phnom Penh to the Thai side. There is a carer named, Uthit, who helps him through the difficult and war-filled path.

The brother took Day to sit on his favorite chair and then walked around to the bookshelf to find the book Day mentioned. Not long after, he took out a book with a black and red cover and handed it to Mhok, who was sitting not far away. The sound of opening the book immediately sounded.

"Read it out loud and I'll tell you when to stop," Night said.

"Why are you reading this?" Mhok asked.

"Day loves to listen to books, and one of your duties is to read to him."

Mhok nodded, seeming to understand, and then he began to read as Night directed. Night chose the part about Ruthira and Uthit's escape from Phnom Penh for Mhok to read. The plot in this part is very tense, mixed with the horror of war. Mhok's voice starts out steady, but soon it becomes passionate, rising and falling with the emotional changes of the content, as if he's so immersed in the story that he forgets he's conducting an interview. Mhok's voice is alternately confused, hopeful, weak, and endlessly amused.

"boom!"

Mhok loudly imitates the sudden sound of a gunshot in the story. Day felt like he was there, so close to the mood of the characters in the book that he felt like he was Ruthira himself.

"That's it."

After that, the sound of turning pages of books stopped abruptly. Mhok didn't stumble or stutter over the complex literary work, although he sometimes mispronounced it or paused in places. But Day had never felt like a character in a book before. Mhok was not reading to Day, but to himself.

"Do you think that 'bang' was a tire exploding or a gunshot?"

Day asked, In the story, Ruthira and Uthit were traveling with a driver, and as the two briefly left, there was a sudden "bang" sound. Uthit told Ruthira that the tire had exploded, so they had to

go on foot. But Ruthira suspected the sound wasn't tires and that the driver might have been shot.

"It must have been gunfire, the driver was killed." Mhok replied without hesitation.

"Then why didn't Uthit tell Ruthira? Why did the caregiver lie to her employer?" he asked.

"Have sympathy." Mhok simply replied, "Ruthira is a blind nobleman. Just sleeping in the open air has made him feel very anxious. Uthit may be out of sympathy and dare not tell him the disturbing truth for fear that he will not be able to bear it. , a waste of energy."

"If it were you, would you tell him?" Day asked nervously.

"Yes." Mhok replied quickly, "We are not children anymore, why do we still sit here and talk about irrelevant things? Life is like this, you have to get used to it."

After Mhok finished speaking, the whole room fell silent. It seems that he also felt that he talked too much in this interview. Mom reaches out to squeeze Day's arm as if to get Day to make a decision. Day raised his head with firm eyes. A breeze blew in from the living room window, and he felt the bright light woven together with the breeze.

Maybe the person in front of me is right, life is like this, if you can't accept it, how can you continue?

"Okay, I've decided to hire you as my caretaker... but if you ever take pity on me, I'll let you go."

Chapter 3

The sound of the curtains opening mercilessly woke Day up from his deep sleep. Judging from the light coming in from the window, it was already morning. The person who woke him up was none other than Mhok, who came directly from the repairs shop. The familiar smell of cigarette smoke filled the room. Someone was definitely smoking, but the smell wasn't that pungent or overly offensive. It's even more like a perfume, but not as nice.

"It's time to get up," Mhok said softly.

"I know, stop waking me up like an alarm clock," he complained. This new caretaker, who he hadn't really gotten a good look at yet, was more of an annoyance than he'd imagined. If it were anyone else, they would be disturbed by Day's serious tone, and some would give up on the first day. But Mhok is different. No matter what you say to him, it's like talking to a wall, even if it's a joke, it's useless. Day found it difficult to deal with such people, and he was always being ordered to do this and that. He will resist at first. But the more he resisted, the more trouble he got, because the other party never gave in, so Mhok almost took him to take a bath.

"for you."

The young man reached out and took a small bottle of eye drops from Mhok. Although his vision continues to decline, eye drops can help him adjust intraocular pressure and make his vision clearer, especially in the first ten seconds after the drops are dropped. Everything seemed like a dream, all abnormalities disappeared. But this only lasts ten seconds. Day picked up the eye drops, got up from the bed, and walked to a familiar corner of the room.

"10...9...8...7...6..."

After two drops of the medicine came into contact with his eyes, the world immediately became brighter. Day stared at the large glass jar in front of him. A chubby goldfish was swimming around inside, as if saying "Good morning." He sprinkled the prepared fish food into the water, and the chubby fish swam happily over.

"5...4...3...2...1..."

Day tried to clearly remember what the only pet in his life looked like. As the owner of a goldfish, he wakes up every morning to feed it. On countless days and nights when he wished he could sleep peacefully without being disturbed by nightmares, it was this goldfish that gave him the motivation to face each day.

"0..."

Then everything becomes blurry again. Jinlu, who had been vivid before, was now a blurry orange blob, floating in the bathtub hidden by the water curtain. He took a long breath. Even though this situation was recalculated every day, it was still difficult to adapt.

"What's your name?"

"My nickname is Day, my real name is Danaiyanat, my surname is Kopranpakhun, I am twenty years old. Do you still want to hear my ID number?"

"Has anyone ever said you were naughty?"

Mhok whispered, causing Day to laugh. He laughed happily for a while, and then slowly developed a strange feeling. Ever since that day that changed his life, he hadn't laughed like this for many days, many months, maybe a year.

"JinSay. "

"what does that mean?"

"life."

Day replied calmly, and the room fell silent again. The young man himself couldn't guess what the other person was thinking. But soon, he heard a crunching sound, like hands rubbing against a glass jar.

"But I think your Jinsay is dying." Mhok said quietly.

"What?" Day asked confused.

"The water has not been changed, and the rocks are covered with algae. Have you cleaned it? Soon, you will find the body of this fish floating in the fish tank." Mhok complained while wiping the fish tank, making an annoying sound the sound of.

"Why don't you clean it up quickly? What are you waiting for?" he complained.

"I'm going out with you to clean up. Don't let my fish die, or you will die in its place."

"I thought you wouldn't leave the bedroom," Mhok shot back quickly.

"hurry up!"

The young man hurriedly urged the other party to clean the fish tank quickly. Mhok then set up a table in the middle of the garden and wiped it clean. Day is sitting not far away. Mhok kept mumbling as he worked. He didn't ask any questions, he just described what he was doing - removing the goldfish, scrubbing the rocks, changing the water, etc. This made Mhok's appearance vivid in Day's mind.

Day felt something inside him. Mhok may seem a bit rough and direct, and almost never speaks softly, but he is probably the most willing to put himself in other people's shoes.

"It's done."

Mihok said after about thirty minutes. Day moved closer to the glass tank, and the scene before him became clearer than before. The cute goldfish swims happily, probably happy that someone is cleaning its home, so it keeps swimming around.

"Take me back to my room."

"Why go back in a hurry?" said Mhok, who was indifferent to the request. "The flowers in the yard are blooming. What kind of plant is this?" smells good. The atmosphere here is much better than the gloomy bedroom. I don't know why you like to stay in the room so much."

"As you wish."

The young man frowned, annoyed by the criticism in front of him. But Mhok was not angry, on the contrary, he smiled secretly. He stepped back, grabbed Day's hand, and placed what looked like a flower in his hand.

"Smell the flowers, it can help relieve anxiety."

Even though Day didn't really want to follow Mhok's instructions, he had to admit that the atmosphere in the garden was indeed very good. Since losing his normal vision, the young man has always wanted to be alone and almost never leaves his room. He would even eat in his bedroom unless necessary, leaving the house only for doctor's appointments.

Day decided to let time pass slowly, smelling the fragrance of the flower in his hand, he wasn't even sure what kind of flower it was. "Oh, has Day come back from the United States? Why didn't Night tell me?" A girl's voice came into their ears. It sounded like it was not far away, maybe coming from the front door. He recognized the voice of one of Night's female friends. A strong feeling immediately came to his heart. He didn't want anyone in the world to know that he had a problem with his eyesight, especially acquaintances, because that would inevitably lead to him being entangled in the thing he hates most in his life... that is pity. .

"Take me back to my room right now."

"but..."

"Now!" His voice was urgent and frustrated, all of which showed the seriousness of the situation. Mhok immediately grabbed his arm and dragged him away from the noisy crowd. It seemed that Night had brought some friends home and unfortunately today they were getting particularly loud, the yelling mixed with the sounds of his brother trying to control and calm the situation but the young man no longer cared about anything. He wanted to be as far away from everyone as possible, away from everyone's scrutiny and suspicion.

"Just leave me alone. Don't come into my room again until I call you."

Day demanded sternly, no trace of softness in his tone. He felt Mhok's embarrassment and nervousness, but he didn't want to care too much. Mhok, like everyone else, couldn't last long.

He doesn't need to establish intimacy or trust with anyone. He has had ten caregivers, Mhok is just one of them.

"go out..."

The young man's voice was firm enough to make the hesitant person back away after putting down the fish tank. Day closed the door and returned to his own world. He first closed the curtains and escaped into the darkness. He took off all his clothes, grabbed a towel, and went into the bathroom to take a cold shower to calm his uneasiness.

Day soaked in the bathtub, playing soft music. He put a towel in the bathtub and lay quietly in the water, letting his body be surrounded by the cool water. His breathing slowly slowed down, and his heart was beating heavily with various thoughts. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to fall asleep.

"Da da." The sound seemed to come from far away.

"Da da..." The voice gradually came closer.

Make a sound! Not far away, Yi Hanquan's loud voice startled the young man who had accidentally hit Li Shou in the bathtub, making him sit up in fright.

"Who is there!"

There was silence.

"I said, who's there!"

"It's me...Mhok."

The sound felt like a cold current from the top of Day's head to his toes. Mhok what right do you have to barge into the bathroom and most importantly, how could he see Day naked like this?

"I was afraid something would happen to you. I called for a while, but no one answered. I didn't have the key, so I had to rush in. I was afraid there was an emergency."

This may be the first time Day heard Mhok speak less harshly than usual, but also with a gentle heart. But no matter what the reason was, it was something he couldn't stand. His heart was beating uncontrollably, faster and faster, as if it was about to explode. Becoming a bullet ready to shoot anyone who forced him into this predicament.

"I want you to leave my home immediately."

Chapter 4

"Teacher...Teacher...Teacher Day!" (*This word comes from the Thai a75, which means teacher or professor. This is the affectionate and slightly joking name given to Day by Aon, a volunteer of the Association for the Visually Impaired.)

A series of shouts woke the young man from his sleep. He swallowed to relieve the dryness in his throat, then turned his head and called "Aon." He often calls the person in front of him Aon, brother, or Aon, teacher. Aon is a volunteer from the Association for the Visually Impaired and will come to the homes of new visually impaired patients to talk, share experiences, and provide life guidance. Outside of his family, Day feels most comfortable talking to Aon about his visual impairment, sometimes even more comfortably than talking to his mother or brother.

"You called me teacher? Oh... don't scare me." Day pretended to complain. "Then what should I call you? I have taught you to walk four or five times with a cane, but you are just there silently facing me. If I were a junior visually impaired person, I would think you are a ghost. You lied to me. But, I am a high-level blind person." Aon said this very affectionately, but in fact, Aon was nearly a year older than Day.

"Do it again, teacher."

The young man held out his hand and was handed a cane. He began trying to learn to walk with a cane, following Ann's instructions. He has refused to learn how to use a cane and Braille. Deep down, he always told himself that his eyes would heal soon. But now, he wanted to make up for something, he wanted to apologize to someone. If you feel guilty, go apologize to him. He is not a mind reader and cannot hear your inner apology. "The person next to him said. After hearing these words, Day stopped waving his cane. He didn't know whether he should feel uneasy because of the sharp words, or he was shocked that Aon could read him so accurately. Feelings. Day felt very sorry for Mhok. Looking back, Mhok was not wrong at all. Even if Mhok saw him when he was not wearing clothes, it was really for his safety. To put it another way, if he really had an accident, if Mhok didn't help him, his life might be in danger.

"I...."

Before Day could respond, the doorbell rang. The corners of his mouth turned up unconsciously, and he sincerely hoped it was Mhok. If Mhok comes, it means he is not angry anymore and has forgotten about his dismissal for now.

"I'll go take a look." Night said. Day was ready and excited, mentally sure it must be Mhok because his mother never rang the doorbell. As for who else might come to the house, he couldn't think of any. Day stood quietly, fiddling with the crutch in his hand unconsciously. Footsteps crept down the aisle until the door opened. Night indicated that the visitor wanted to talk privately and returned to his room.

"Hello Day, my name is Porjai and I'm Mhok's friend."

The person speaking was a woman. In his blurry vision, Day could see a woman with long hair and a slender figure. That's all he could see, and he was disappointed to find that the person in front of the painting wasn't Mhok, and his palms began to turn watery.

"Did Mhok ask you to collect his salary for him?" His voice was a little dry.

"No." She shook her head. "Your mother transferred the money to Mhok yesterday. But he had something to give you and he couldn't come in person."

Porjai handed over a bag with some embarrassment, and Day took it with confusion. Feeling what was inside, he realized they were a pair of large soft-toed slippers. It made him feel even more guilty, thinking about the injury he'd had on his toe since he first met Mhok. Although he never bumped into anything at home again, the other person never forgot.

"What's the pattern on the shoes?" he asked curiously.

"It's a goldfish," Porjai replied. "If there's nothing else, I'll leave first. This is what Mhok asked me to give."

The person in front of him turned around to leave after saying that, and Day was in a mess inside.

"Teacher Day..." Aon's voice was very soft, but it contained a lot of things, and Day finally made up his mind.

"Miss Porjai," shouted the young man, causing the departing man to stop and turn around.

"Can you take me to Mhok? I have something I want to talk to him about."

Day and Porjai went out together. Day did not tell his brother and chose to leave quietly. He added a car on his phone and headed to Mhok's house. On the way, he had been worrying about what he would say to Mhok when he arrived.

How does he respond if the other person gets angry and starts an argument?

"We're almost there, Day. Almost five minutes," Porjai told him after the car turned into an alley. The environment here is quite crowded, and it is not difficult to guess that Mhok's family conditions may not be that good.

"What do Mhok's parents do?" Day couldn't help but ask.

"Mhok's parents died when he was a child. Mhok grew up with two sisters, and he lost his sister last year. Mhok acted strong, that's all. But apart from his sister, his life was almost empty. Who's left, me too." Porjai said a lot, but suddenly realized that she was sharing too much about Mhok's personal affairs and decided to remain silent. Day pursed his lips, realizing just now that he barely knew the man who had saved his life.

"Didn't he have a regular job before he became my carer?" Day decided to ask further.

Porjai sighed heavily, as if something was weighing on his heart, but he finally spoke out. "Not at all, Day. Mhok used to be a very rebellious person and he made a lot of money while working in a repair shop. He even used the money to pay for his sister's car loan, which was the last thing his sister Rung left him. Otherwise, someone like him might not even think about taking care of others because he can't even take good care of himself." Porjai's last sentence seemed like a joke, but her tone of concern showed how much she felt towards Mhok. of concern.

"Sorry for taking up a lot of your boyfriend's time, and I drove him away rudely, even though he did nothing wrong." Day seemed to have some power in his heart that urged him to say this.

"Well... As for what you said, Mhok and I did date, but we broke up almost five years ago. I already have a new boyfriend and we are about to get married. But as you can imagine, Mhok and I have been We are very close and have never really left each other. Especially now that he has no one else around, if we can help each other, we will try our best to help each other."

The car stopped, as if to signal the end of the conversation. Day opened the car door and got out, and Porjai came over to greet him. Before the car drove away, Porjai took Day slowly into the house. She seemed to be familiar with the place and easily opened the door with the key. He walked excitedly, unable to form any images in his mind. What he could see was a small house, probably with two floors and not many living rooms. Near the door, there was a motorcycle parked. Porjai opened the door and took him into the house.

"Porjai, is that you? What a coincidence. Can you help me find out if this is soy sauce or soybean paste? These flavors make me dizzy."

Mhok's voice came from inside the house. Porjai leads Day inside. Arriving in the kitchen, Day smelled an aroma. Mhok just stood there and Day made no move to say hello.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy?" Porjai yelled in surprise.

"I was just trying to see if I could make soup without seeing it, I'm not crazy," Mhok explained casually, handing a bottle of spices to Porjai.

"Why are you doing this with your eyes closed, are you idle? Are you playing some strange game?" Porjai complained, but still told him the name of the condiment he was handed.

"I just wanted to know what it would be like to not be able to see." Those words echoed in Day's mind.

"Even in such a short period of time, I felt so uncomfortable. If I had to live like this for a year or a few years, I might be so depressed that I want to die." After speaking, he let out a long sigh.

Standing in someone else's home as an uninvited guest seemed a bit uncomfortable. Day had never thought before that Mhok would want to try so hard to understand him. Everyone who

comes into his life, regardless of their status, looks at him with sympathy, seeing him as a helpless bird. But this man is not. He is willing to feel and understand his helplessness from his perspective, supporting him and accepting him like a true friend.

A tear slipped from the corner of Day's eye. For the first time since his world went dark, he met someone who tried to understand him.

"If you can see, open your eyes. Closing your eyes doesn't make me see," Day joked.

"Day!"

Mhok shouted in surprise, and Day saw in his blurred vision that the man in front of the stove hurriedly took off his blindfold, turned off the fire, and walked directly to him.

"How did you get here?"

"Maybe it's a superpower."

"Wow... this joke is quite profound. Fortunately, I am studying mechanics and know a little bit about it. Do you have anything to do with me?" Mhok asked while laughing.

"Yes..." He paused, "Why don't you come to work? You haven't passed the probation period yet, why are you in such a hurry to resign?"

"Because you fired me."

"Oh, didn't you say that my mother hired you? - I didn't pay your salary, so why should you listen to me? You can go back to work, otherwise my mother will really fire you this time, really."

Mhok laughed, trying to find ways to escape being fired, but all failed. Day also smiled and did not continue or explain anything. It was easy to let Mhok leave without any delay or obstruction.

"Just leave like this..." Mhok asked.

"Wait a minute," Day said. "I want to try the soup made by a man who wants to go blind to see if it's really edible. I'm the son of a famous chef. If it doesn't taste good, just wait to be criticized by me. . The young man blushed a little when he said this, and he slowly walked to the table in the middle of the kitchen that could be used for dining. He pulled out a chair and sat down happily. PorJai told Mhok that he had to go to work, and Mhok told He didn't have to worry, he'd take care of the rest. Mhok happily closed the door and ladled the soup into a bowl, but didn't add any rice.

"If it tastes good, don't ask me to make it again. My labor costs are very expensive." Mhok said half-jokingly.

"Did anyone ask for it?"

"Tough talk."

The other person responded loudly, as if on purpose. Day frowned, then tasted the soup in his hand. He originally thought it would taste terrible. But surprisingly, it tasted pretty good. Although it's not an out-of-this-world delicacy, it's much better than the soup in ordinary fast food restaurants. Just one taste and he knew he wasn't using instant soup packets. The meat is simmered and black pepper is sprinkled on top for added texture. The vegetables are cooked just right, with just the right amount of softness and hardness, and just the right amount of sweetness.

"Is it tasty?"

He didn't answer and took another bite.

"Is it delicious?"

Day still didn't respond and continued eating happily. He finished the meat, the bowl was empty, and he shrugged, his face looking nothing special.

"Just, it's not bad."

Chapter 5

"I really hope you'll read this book, it's really interesting. But I don't want to spoil it for you. You should read it for yourself anyway."

Aon said when he visited Day's home the next week. In fact, Day's teacher always recommended some interesting books to him, especially short stories that were interesting and thought-provoking. But the book he is recommending now is an unusual old book written by a foreigner who came to Thailand to live temporarily. After being translated into a book once, it disappeared from the market. Aon himself read it after borrowing someone else's book and said he shouldn't miss it no matter what.

"Last Twilight. "

Day was still mumbling the title of the book as Aon left. He was very curious about what the book was about, but the recommender was vague and unwilling to reveal too much. He only said that he must read it himself, but did not leave the book to him.

"It's really hard to find."

Seeing Day sitting quietly, Whok raised his voice and tried to search on shopping websites, hoping that some online stores still stock this book. However, it seems like every store is out of stock, even second-hand malls on various apps.

"Brother Aon, brother Aon, piqued our interest, and then left. Why don't you go online and see if anyone has spoiled the story? Even if brother Aon doesn't say it, there must be others who will. Now that I'm like this But I can't sleep well." Day said with a resentful tone.

"Actually, there is another place. No matter how rare the bad book is, it can be found there. It just depends on one's ability." Mhok said, and Day felt the other party laughing.

"Where?"

"The second-hand bookstore in Khanducha," Mhok said. "I sold clothes there for a while." One bookstore seller boasted that they had a variety of I-Day books. Even if it's not available elsewhere, it can be found in them. I think this book must be there. "

Before Day could say anything, Mhok hurriedly picked up the phone and called the bookstore owner. Day was waiting nervously, he couldn't hear the voice on the other end of the phone clearly, so he could only wait for Mhok to end the call and tell him what was said.

"He said he had it, but he didn't know where it was in the store. If we want it, we have to go find it ourselves, otherwise he won't find it for us," Mhok said after hanging up the phone.

"I can go look for it on my next day off," he continued.

"No, we'll go today, I'll go with you." Day said decisively.

"Are you serious?" Mhok asked again, but he didn't argue too much.

"If I don't read this book today, I will definitely not be able to sleep. This book must be related to the blind." The young man clenched his fists and said firmly.

"But I can go alone. Aren't you afraid that your mother will scold you if you leave like this?" Mhok objected.

"As long as you don't let my mother know, just go and come back early. If I let you go alone, what if you buy the wrong book? How many books can you read in a year?" Day was a little impatient, because the other party kept Asking questions, he rubbed his hands on the wall, obviously not wanting to wait any longer. If the delay continued, he would call a taxi himself. But before he could walk out of the room, a familiar hand grabbed him, put his hand on his arm, and led him to continue walking.

Day smelled the faint smell of cigarette smoke lingering around him, making him dizzy. Since his vision became blurred, he relied more on other senses, and many memories were hidden in these intricate feelings.

Mhok took Day to the car called from the app. Along the way, Day seemed a little uneasy. He took out his headphones and listened to the music on his phone, which calmed his confused mood. Mhok sat in the back seat with him. It went on and on as usual - mentioning where they were, what their surroundings were like, what the traffic jam was like. Even though Day didn't ask this, it didn't bother him, and no other caregiver had done this before.

"We're here," Mhok said.

Mhok took Day out of the car, and the fever subsided. The young people have not been to Chatuchak for a long time and have almost forgotten what it looks like here. Since falling ill, he has hardly been anywhere except the hospital. His university teacher strongly advised him to suspend his studies. He entrusted Night to manage university affairs on his behalf and deceived everyone that he had gone abroad. As for those social media software, he no longer uses them at all.

"Is anyone staring at me?" Day asked. The scene must have been strange because Day had to hold Mhok's arm the whole time and walk like a blind man.

"There are a few, but most are smiling shyly," Mhok said softly.

"Shy? What are you shy about?" Day was confused.

"They probably thought we were a new couple just falling in love because you kept holding on to my arm and didn't want to let go."

Mhok laughed as he explained, and Day looked at him dumbfounded. He turned around and looked around, wondering if someone was really staring at them as Mhok said. He was annoyed by the opponent's constant teasing. He clenched his right hand and punched the opponent ten times. Although the punch was not light, it was not heavy. This immediately made the person in front of him groan in pain.

"You hit hard, you know that? Are you a boxer?" Mhok complained.

"I'm a badminton player, but my punches are probably as good as a boxer, want to try again?" Day said threateningly, and Mhok continued to lead him slowly without further argument. It seemed that he had been deliberately taken to a small alley with fewer people to make his walk more comfortable. Day was a little relieved because of this, feeling that he was no longer the center of attention.

"What is that?" The young man who had been following suddenly stopped and pointed to a shop displaying various products. Mhok also stopped and turned to look. "A clothing store, what's wrong?" He looked a little confused.

"What's that green and orange thing?" he continued.

"A shirt...just a regular shirt. Only it's very brightly colored, like a fire brigade uniform," Mhok said with a half smile. Day frowned in approval and left the store. Soon after, they arrived at the destination of their trip, a second-hand bookstore. The store owner told them to look around and the book would be somewhere in the store.

The young man glanced around the place and felt a little discouraged. The store in question was a second-hand bookstore, and it was packed with so many books that it looked very cluttered, and you had to find them one by one, and this store probably had at least one or two books.

The shop owner and Mhok separated to check the piles of books stacked together in the center of the shop, which was the most troublesome to find. At first they all told Day to just sit back and wait, but eventually he couldn't help but join the search for the book. He approached the bookshelf, almost pressing his face to the spines of the books, looking over them one by one, thinking that he might be lucky enough to encounter a miracle. Day watched unhurriedly, taking the opportunity to find some other books he wanted to read. He went through everything from Nicholas's sweet love novels to Haruki Murakami's magical realism books to Jese's documentary stories. "You...come here quickly!" Day shouted excitedly to Mhok. The other party hurriedly ran over. Day asked with a trembling voice if he had found the right book. Day handed the somewhat worn-looking book to Mhok for inspection, and then he opened the picture on the web page to compare it to make sure it was the correct book.

"By the way, this is it!"

"Yeah! Found it, bro! We found it, bro!"

Day grabbed Mhok's hand and shook it happily, shouting with excitement. Mhok looked at him and smiled happily. However, after a few seconds, Day snapped back to his senses and quickly let go of Mhok's hand, then concealed his embarrassment by picking up the book again to look at it.

"What did you call me just now?"

Mhok asked, but Day didn't understand.

"What did you call me just now?"

Mhok asked again and this time Day understood.

"I call you brother...you are older. So, I should call you brother, right? Like the motorcycle drivers and taxi drivers in front of my house, I also call them brother. What's wrong? Should I call you uncle Mhok?" Day argued.

"It's okay, I didn't say anything."

Mhok chuckled and left with Day after paying the shop owner for the book. Mhok suggested finding something to eat nearby to fill his stomach, but Day was still hesitant because he didn't want to eat outside, and he would feel a little sorry if he ate messily in the store. However, his growing hunger made him change his mind and he decided to drink orange juice. Mhok said he would take him to a vegetarian restaurant he frequented.

The two of them walked through the bustling market alleys again. As they spend more time together, Day becomes more and more accustomed to having Mhok as his compass.

He realized that this trip was the closest thing to getting out and having fun. Day held the book happily, going out wasn't as scary as he thought. But at this moment, the noise in the distance began to get louder and louder. It seemed that someone was quarreling and gradually escalated.

"There was a couple arguing."

Mhok whispered and Day could hear it a little if he paid attention. The woman's voice grew louder. Forcing the other person to decide who they want to be with. From the looks of it, it seems that the man is having an affair. The sounds of the crowd of passers-by became louder and louder. Quarrel between lovers seems to have become a kind of entertainment for everyone. Mhok also led him closer and whispered that they would pass an orange juice shop in a while.

"Damn it, Keng!"

Before the quarreling couple could finish speaking, Mhok suddenly rushed forward and shouted a scolding. That high-pitched sound is terrifying. Day recalled that Porjai once said that when he was with Mhok before, Mhok was a troublemaker, which should be correct.

"Who is this woman, Porjai, what does this mean?" This confrontation seemed to make the young man forget everything. Mhok rushed forward and faced the man named Keng with an angry face. Day began to understand what was happening. Porjai's words came to mind again, the man he planned to marry...

Is it this person? Day's heart suddenly became cold, and he began to sympathize with the two women. He felt heartbroken. But before he could react, the food flew away and there was a crash: a fight apparently broke out between Mhok and Keng. People around began to become noisy. Some people wanted to get closer to see what was going on, while others wanted to stay away from the scene. The scene became very chaotic.

Day tried to call out to Mhok, but it was in vain. He was pushed away from the scene and gradually moved away from the center of the commotion, feeling somewhat lost. He looked left and right, but couldn't see anything clearly, and his eyes were in chaos. He tried to ask or call for help, hoping someone would respond, but no one could hear him. The crowd pushed him further and further away. Mhok's voice, his only support now, grew smaller and smaller and eventually disappeared entirely. Day felt desperate and tried to pick up his phone.

However, the young man left his shoulder bag to Mhok.. Now, he was completely lost in a world of darkness.

Chapter 6

"Brother Mhok..."

Young people shouted in the chaotic crowd. The appearance of the people around him became blurry. He asked people for help, but everyone shunned him, as if he were some weird being that shouldn't be approached. Day called the man's name again, and again. He dragged his uncontrollable legs and walked blankly among the unfamiliar crowd, his mind went blank and he couldn't find the direction at all. Fear fell in his heart, and his eyes became dark. Thinking about what if you can't go home? What should he do.

"Day..."

He seemed to hear someone calling his name softly. Although the voice was familiar, he could not determine the direction. The noise around him disrupted his sense of direction. The young man tried to walk back, trying to find the direction he had come from. He ran in what he thought was the right direction, but was wrong. After the sound disappeared, he stopped and tried to walk back, but he only saw expressionless people walking around, and no one cared about him. He felt like he was blindfolded and running blindly in a maze. Only a deceptive voice tempted him, which made him feel relieved for a moment, but nothing could help him.

"Day!"

The sound came again, but Day still couldn't find his way. He looked around desperately, aware of his vision. Something was different this time, though. He saw bright greens and oranges swaying along one of the aisles. He ran over in a hurry, and the voice gradually became clearer until it seemed to be close to his ears. The man in green clothes waved two other bright orange clothes, and then hugged him tightly with his arms, as if he was stronger than ever.

"I'm sorry, Day.. I'm really sorry."

The deep hug brought Day to tears. He pressed his face tightly against the man's thick chest, trying to hide the vulnerability deep inside him. He was very scared. How could people like him survive without help from others? Day didn't complain about the other person letting go of his hand. That apology took away all the insecurity and frustration, Mhok was probably in the same conflict and confusion, they were no different.

"go home."

"Well, let's go home."

Mhok said and Day simply responded. The two stood up, straightened their hair and clothes, and then walked together through a narrow path. The young man took a deep breath and thought that at least today was not in vain. He had got the book he wanted. When he got home

later, he wanted Mhok to read it to him so that he could completely forget about today's unpleasantness.

The two waited for a while and soon got into the car that Mhok called through the mobile app. The carriage was quiet enough to hear the voice on the other end of the phone.

(I have broken up with him.)

Day remembered that it was Porjal's voice.

"Is this the end? You think about it carefully. I didn't force you to break up, I just called to know the situation. You can do whatever you want, I won't interfere."

Mhok tried to speak as softly as possible, and Day pretended to be asleep, which would make the people next to him feel more at ease.

[Actually, I have tolerated him for a long time. He had hit me before when he was drunk. I forgave him once, but this time I just couldn't bear it. If I continue to put up with him, he won't stop his bad behavior in the future.]

"Did he really hit you?"

It was clear in Mhok's voice that he was trying to control his emotions. There was no response from the other end of the phone, as if he had acquiesced. He took a long breath and continued.

"What about your children? You are already two months pregnant."

Day was confused and confused and disturbed.

[I may go to a hotel near my company to spend the night tonight. I have moved everything out of his dormitory. I am afraid that he will go crazy and do something unscrupulous when he comes back.]

"If you need, you can stay at my house first. My sister's room is empty and the key is still in the original place." Mhok said calmly.

[but...]

"Stay at my house, he doesn't dare to come to you. At least I can protect you there until things calm down. Let's talk about the rest." Mhok ended the conversation like this, and the person on the other end of the phone accepted his suggestion and said that he would be at his house tonight. See you, then hung up the phone.

Day was still pretending to sleep, adjusting his breathing to make it look like he was sleeping, when he heard Mhok chuckle slightly, but didn't say anything.

But after a while Day actually fell asleep. When Mhok woke him up and told him that he had arrived home, the gray sky and the dim lights around told him that it was night. Mhok opened the door and led him inside. Day was thinking about whether to let Mhok read the newly bought book to him, and he thought that Mhok must be very tired too.

"Who gave you permission to take Day out of the house?"

The serious voice sounded from the moment they stepped into the house. How could his mother come back? Shouldn't she be in Milan now, planning kitchens for a hotel there, where she would be staying for at least a month; but here she was. Day tried to see clearly, but there was no doubt that it was indeed his mother.

"I asked Mhok to take me out," he replied firmly, not giving Mhok a chance to answer. "If you want to blame anyone, it's me, don't blame him."

Day took a step forward, as if to say he was willing to take responsibility.

"But even if Day's life is saved, you have no right to take him away from home. I have already said that you are not allowed to take Day out of the house without me or Night's company. If something happens, how will you be responsible?" Day's mother scolded Mhok severely.

"Mom!" Day tried to argue.

"Look at what you are like now. Why are you in such a mess? Did you have a conflict with someone? Don't think that I don't know your past. I know what you have done before." Mom said breathlessly, "About your past I also know about the imprisonment."

After my mother's fierce accusation, the whole room fell into silence, so quiet that everyone's breathing could be heard. The breeze blew into the living room, and the smell of Night's perfume told Day that he was also there, but he didn't say anything.

Hearing about Mhok's new past from his mother gave Day very mixed emotions. He had never considered the word "prison" before. Porjai once mentioned the word "criminal record", but Day just thought that it might be some trivial matter at most, such as a fight or being detained, where you can go home after paying a fine.

"I didn't hide it deliberately, but you didn't mention this issue during the interview. But if you feel that my past imprisonment is an unforgivable mistake... I am willing to resign."

Mhok lowered his head, his disappointed tone completely audible. Day had never known Mhok like this before and had no idea how much social hurt and condemnation he had experienced.

"No, you are not allowed to leave... I will not allow you to leave."

"Day!"

Mhok gestured to Day to stop talking, while his mother almost shouted his name in anger and disappointment. Day heard his brother trying to comfort his mother and calm her down. At this moment, the four people in Hongjian are equally nervous, and everyone has their own troubles and burdens.

"I don't think that being in prison will affect his ability to take care of me. Brother Mhok takes care of me and understands me better than the so-called professional caregivers my mother has seen. Everyone deserves to be forgiven Chance, right, mom? If he really did something wrong, I will be the first one to ask him to leave." The young man said decisively, and then specifically instructed Mhok to let him go upstairs for a sleepover party.

"It's okay, Mom, I'll keep an eye on him. There shouldn't be any serious problems. And Mhok is in jail just because no one vouched for him, not because he robbed someone's home."

Night spoke for the first time tonight. It seemed like he was asking everyone to take a step back. Mhok quietly led Day into the bedroom. Day sat on the bed, trying to sort out the chaotic thoughts in his head. Mhok walked over and opened the curtains. The sky had darkened, and the scene outside was almost the same whether the window was open or not.

"If you look carefully, can you see it?" Mhok asked, then walked over, holding a plastic bag filled with unknown things in his hands, and let him try to touch it. Day picked up the thing in his hand and looked at it up close, almost to his nose. That's a fat goldfish. Mhok said he bought it at Chatuchak market.

"I bought it to keep you company Jinsey. I saw it sitting there alone and might feel lonely." There was a little sadness in his voice

"What's its name?" Day asked.

"It's called Nozomi," Mhok replied, "which means hope."

After Jinsey's owner agreed, Mhok took Nozomi to meet new friends. Fortunately, there is not much difference between the water temperature in the bag and the water temperature in the fish tank, so the moving process is not troublesome. Day stood and watched quietly as the man and the goldfish got to know each other. Even though everything he saw was as blurry as a pale watercolor painting, he still stared intently.

"I'm going back first." The man in bright green clothes said, while making a show of leaving the room.

"If you don't come to work tomorrow, I will follow you and beat you until you come back. I already know where your home is, don't think I dare not go." Day expressed his thoughts without hesitation.

"Day!"

"Today is my first time leaving home. I am very excited and nervous. I am afraid of other people's eyes, afraid of being laughed at, and becoming the laughing stock of others. But you know what? In fact, no one cares about me. Only me, always Overshared fear keeps me stuck." Mhok stood quietly for a while after listening to Day's words. Day felt like he didn't have a good handle on his emotions; he didn't know how to express that feeling well.

"If you don't want others to judge you, stop judging yourself too."

Day continued to finish his sentence. Mhok had an expression of relief on his face, and Day also smiled. He began to change the topic. He picked up the book he bought before and read it.

"Do you need to rush back to Porjai?" he asked.

"Oh, it turns out you were pretending to sleep just now. I thought you were asleep."

Mhok smiled as he spoke, but also looked slightly nervous. Before Day realizes she accidentally let something slip, it's too late.

"You don't need to laugh if you know it, so are you in a hurry to go back?"

"No need to worry, nothing will happen if you go back. Day, what can you do?"

"Read to me."

Then, a story about a little boy's journey begins. The little boy found that he slowly began to become blurry, but he could be seen in the sunlight. Therefore, the little boy must use every possible means to find a way to allow his body to continue to exist. Even if there is despair and confusion in front of him, there is still hope.

"Do you think I will disappear one day?" Day asked Mhok, but there was no response.

Chapter 7

The car was filled with soft music, and young people were humming along to the melody of 1990s songs. Mhok stopped the car to get money to pay the installment of a second-hand car he had guaranteed for his sister. After Mhok asked to drive out to prevent the battery from aging, Day also came out with him. The two people started a short trip, but the trip had to end before the sun went down. This time they didn't have to worry about Day's mother scolding her, as she had just flown back to Milan to deal with some contract paperwork before she returned.

"Do you want to go somewhere? But it can only be nearby. If you go too far, your brother will suspect that we drove away." When the red light turned on, Mhok stopped the car and asked. After hearing this, Day shook his head and said there was no place in particular he wanted to go. In fact, he is no longer as opposed to leaving home as he once was. But since he hasn't gone out to see the outside world for a long time, he has nowhere to go. When the traffic light turned green, Mhok sped off. At this time, the young man heard a loud horn sound from behind, which seemed to be not far from him. He frowned, feeling a little confused, and the voice didn't mean to stop.

"Did we break any traffic laws? Did someone blow their horns to tell us to leave?" Day asked.

"No, I was driving normally. But the car behind us kept following us and kept honking its horn. Maybe our trunk door was not closed properly. I stopped to check." Mhok explained, preparing to pull over. Before Mhok could get out of the car, Day's car window was suddenly knocked, and someone shouted his name outside. Day's mood suddenly became very confusing and heavy, and he heard his name, and he would never forget that sound.

"Gee!"

Day opened the car window and couldn't believe that he would meet his good friend Gee again under such circumstances.

"Have you come back from the United States? I called you, but you didn't answer, and you didn't reply to my messages." Gee was a little emotional.

"I'm sorry, Gee. I have something else to do, I'm leaving first." Day tried to close the car window and escape.

"Day...what happened to you? Why didn't you tell me? Do you still consider me a friend?"

The word "friend" came out of Gee's mouth, causing the young man sitting in the car to stop. This word gave him a big shock. Day changed his mind and rolled down the window, trying to make eye contact with Gee as much as possible.

"Gee...I'm going blind."

This sentence instantly destroyed the barrier built between the two friends over the past year. Gee canceled her Grab order and took a car with Day to the university. During this time, the two friends had a chance to talk openly while Mhok listened quietly.

Day first experienced vision loss when he was competing in the men's badminton doubles match for the Singapore national team when his vision suddenly became blurred until it went completely black. He was later diagnosed with chronic keratitis and never returned to society.

"So how are you doing now?" Gee asked, reaching out to take Day's hand.

"There's nothing wrong with me. Even if I feel particularly painful, I still have to accept the reality. Life doesn't give me many choices." Day said in an almost self-deprecating tone.

"How can I help you?" Gee asked.

"Just don't be angry with me." The young man said from the bottom of his heart. He knows that escaping is not good, even his closest friends will be disappointed, but everyone has a time when they can't get out. Gee didn't answer but just held Day's hand tightly. That was probably the best answer between them.

"Does anyone else in the university know about this? What about August, your partner? Have you told him?" Gee asked when the car stopped at the university.

"He didn't know, I didn't tell anyone."

The young man stated that he did not want anyone to know about it except his family and doctors. And maybe Mhok, who's sitting here right now. His good friend Gee sighed, probably wondering who Mhok was, but didn't have the courage to ask.

"Do you want to go to the university together? They are cleaning the badminton club now, and the coach is asking the athletes to take their medals and trophies home. Do you want to go and see them? Your cabinet is full of awards."

A good friend of his and a teammate of his badminton team extended the invitation. Day thought quietly for a long time. Returning to college might mean running into a lot of familiar faces and his secrets will no longer be secrets. But thinking from another angle, he can't live in this dark world forever.

"Well, I miss the club a lot too."

Gee walks ahead and becomes Day's tour guide back in time. I don't know whether it's good or bad, but today is Sunday. There are very few people in the university and no one shows up. Moreover, the badminton club also sent people to participate in charity matches. His best friend expertly led the way, Mhok following behind. After walking for a while, Mhok went to the bathroom, while Gee and Day waited quietly in the corner of the school building. J asked quietly while laughing.

"Have you ever taken a closer look at what he looks like?"

"Gee, are you kidding? I can barely see anything with my eyes." Day laughed.

"You said before that you can still see it if you're close," Gee retorted.

"Then what do you want me to do? Get close to his face and look at it?"

The young man argued that he remembered only the outline of Mhok, like the sketch of a painting. He relied on his imagination to fill in the rest of the story to prevent him from feeling embarrassed when he recalled it later. To him, Mhok looked like a rough-looking man he had seen in movies about urban evil.

"He's really handsome, you know?" Ke said softly, "What should I say? Your Mhok brother is really handsome. I think he must be more handsome than you think. From the beginning, I was Think about it, why would such a person come to be your caregiver! His appearance is really very high-end."

Day's good friend sighed. Mhok happened to come back at this time, so they had to end the conversation. They walked together to the sports ground leading to the badminton club. The smell of boxing oil, sweat, and hot, humid air hit my face. It was the same place as before, nothing had changed. Day smiled unconsciously. He has been with the badminton court since he can remember, and it seems to be his second home. He climbed all the way to the position of the national team, but the sudden failure made him fall from the top of the mountain, even though he was only a stone's throw away from victory. "I thought you said you were a badminton player and just played casually at home, but I didn't expect you to be so professional.

Mhok said as Gee left to answer the phone. The two of them stood in front of the club, where they were waiting for someone to collect their trophies and medals.

"Oh, brother, do you know who I am? I am Danaiyanat Koprannaphakun, a national member of the youth badminton team. Almost all the trophies and medals in this room have my name, and everyone calls me the prince of badminton." Day said , showing a bright smile.

"Young man, you can keep a low profile."

"The young badminton prince doesn't like to belittle himself. Just go in, brother, and I will prove to you that I am not exaggerating."

Day pushed Mhok into the club. As soon as he entered the familiar environment, even though his vision was blurred, memories emerged like ripples, as if he could see every detail with his eyes. The corner at the back of the closet where he likes to sleep, the equipment box where he often sneaks his rackets, and even the conference table where he and his friends often place a barbecue grill remain unchanged. He has been denying his identity since losing his sight, but in fact, he can never escape his past self.

Day walked towards the destination in his heart, even with his eyes closed. An old cabinet stood solemnly to one side, filled with trophies and medals. He stroked it proudly until he touched a trophy at the top of the cabinet. All that was left of that trophy was an ear, and he still remembered it. He put his face close to the trophy, probably no more than a foot away, which was as close as he could get a clear view. His name is engraved there as evidence that he once lived a life full of hope and victory.

"Who did Day play with before, was it Gee?" Mhok asked, probably because he saw someone else's name on the trophy.

"Another friend, his name is August."

The young man replied, feeling confused inside. He competed with August, and they made it to the professional tournament together. And his sudden disappearance was like breaking August's wings suddenly, making him farther and farther away from victory. If compared to all the people in the world, August was the person he least wanted to see.

"That's it." Mhok accepted the answer, but he didn't quite know the story.

"I'll just take this one back."

Day said, picking up the trophy with only one ear left. As for why there was only one ear, it was because when they took the trophy back to the university to take pictures after the victory, everyone fought for it. He and August grabbed it together, but the trophy fell and hit the floor, and the coach got angry because of it. But that gave that game a different memory than other games.

"Let's go back. I'll call Gee later."

Day held the trophy in one hand and grabbed Mhok's arm with the other, preparing to leave the club. But when he raised his head, he noticed the shadow of a person in front of the club room door. At first he thought it was Gee, but it didn't look like it from the outside. Mhok politely asked the other party to give way, but the other party remained silent. Day felt a surge of anger wash over him, and although he could remember what the other person looked like, deep down he still hoped he was wrong. He didn't want to be so unlucky to "hit the jackpot" after returning to college for the first time.

"Day..where did you disappear to!"

That was the last thing Day wanted to hear, and a chill ran through him from head to toe. Mhok turned to him and asked in a low voice if he needed help, but he replied that he didn't. No matter what, this day would come, but it came so quickly that he had no time to prepare mentally.

"August...do you remember when I fainted during the competition in Singapore?" He used this as his opening remarks to his partner whom he had not seen for a long time.

"I remember very clearly that you disappeared after that day." August's tone was full of complaints.

"I have severe keratitis and now my vision is only 40 percent. The doctor said that after a while, I may be completely blind.

The room in the badminton club suddenly became very quiet, as if everyone present had forgotten how to breathe. Day couldn't pick up the emotion directly on his past partner's face, but something told him intuitively that August was confused.

"Then why didn't you tell me? Why did you disappear suddenly? Didn't you say that the two of us were best friends? Why on earth? You left me here alone, - don't tell me anything, Day! You told Me, I have been waiting for you for six months without finding a new partner. In order to wait for you to come back, I have lost so many opportunities as a badminton player. Day... you answer me!"

August walked right over, grabbed Day's shoulders and shook him back and forth, causing the trophy with their names engraved on it to fall to the ground again. Once, one ear of the trophy was broken because of the victorious laughter of the two of them, but today, the other ear may be broken because of the irreparable gap between the two.

"Do you think that because you are blind, I should forgive you...Day!"

Chapter 8

"Teacher, don't think too much. You have already done a good job. At that time, your mental state may not be very good. Your friend is just a little dissatisfied. Wait for him to go back to sleep and think about it for a day or two. , he will understand. Oh, teacher, my eyes are almost blind, and I am not suffering from a small cold. Who can be as strong as steel and diamonds."

Aon said this while teaching Day Braille. Day has learned the basics of Braille and is now practicing writing Braille on paper notebooks. The sound of tools hitting paper and relaxing music play in the living room.

"Teacher Aon, what's one or two days? You've been missing for more than a week. Have you stopped doing things?" Day complained.

"It's okay if you don't practice. You, don't think too much. We can't take care of everyone in our lives. No matter how much we love each other, there will always be people who slowly leave our lives. I think I can accept this. Teacher ,have you heard of it?"

Aon responded, continuing to hum. Day and Mhok sat aside and couldn't help but laugh softly. Actually, Teacher Aon is right. Day had done his best to just understand and accept his old partner's decision.

"Teacher Aon seems a little strange recently. Is he fascinated by someone? It doesn't seem very believable!" Mhok joked.

"It's okay, but have you ever heard that people in love often look younger?" Aon continued humming.

"Wow, Teacher Aon, do you have a girlfriend?" Day asked excitedly.

"Oh, as for my girlfriend, I already have one, Teacher. She is here to guide me in running competitions. We have been dating for a long time. At this stage, there is no problem." Aon said calmly.

"If we have been together for so long, why is this happening all of a sudden?" Mhok said with a smile.

"I mentioned the proposal a little bit recently, and I feel like she agrees with it. I want to propose right after the next game. She definitely didn't expect that she might think that I would be traveling or eating at a luxury restaurant. It's time to propose. You know so little about me, little ones." Aon's tone was filled with the happiness of love.

"Really, Teacher Aon? Can a sighted person and a blind person really spend their lives together?" Day whispered, as if he was asking himself, rather than really wanting an answer from someone else.

"What's going on? Who told me that I shouldn't criticize myself? Day, aren't you criticizing yourself now?" Mhok retorted jokingly.

"Day, we shouldn't think that blind people are inferior to people with normal vision. Love is not only based on vision, character and heart are more important. Besides, when the lights are turned off, everyone is invisible, right? ?" Aon's words left Day speechless. Regarding love, he also has his own thoughts. Although he had had such thoughts, when he knew that he was about to become blind, he closed the door for himself. Who would be willing to accept the other half in this state? Real love seems to only exist in romance novels.

Mhok was about to say something, but before he could say anything, the doorbell rang. The only person visible in the room is responsible for opening the door. Day sat back and continued recording in Braille. They'd been chatting for so long that they had to reread it and write it down, and he was jotting down a summary of the book "Last Twilight."

"Day."

At first, Day thought it was Mhok calling him, but judging by his gait and the sound of the door closing, he guessed otherwise. Also, the man about an arm's length away didn't smell faintly of tobacco, but instead smelled like the painkiller patches commonly used by athletes.

"Is it August?" he asked with a hint of recognition in his voice.

"I'm very sorry."

The other party responded, which made him more certain that the person in front of him was his old partner.

"I was too impulsive before. Looking back, you should have suffered more than me."

"I'm also sorry for my sudden disappearance, I'm really sorry," Day responded.

"It doesn't matter, I was so angry that I don't remember anything."

August smiled, then pulled Day into a familiar hug, which they used to do when they needed to cheer each other up. Especially when they lost that important game, that defeat hit harder than any other. Day and August are both experiencing darkness in their lives. One has lost a great opportunity as an athlete, while the other is suffering from illness. They are both equally matched by each other.

"You guys, have you been exercising? Where have all the muscles in your arms gone? You can't catch the ball anymore, right?"

August joked, pulling Day to sit on the sofa and chat. Day introduced Mhok and Aon to August and then continued.

"If your eyes are going to go blind, do you still have the heart to continue exercising? You should be more worried about whether I can catch the ball, rather than whether I can catch it well, August?" As time went by, he began to gradually get used to questions about your eyes.

"Is there really no way to treat it?" August asked seriously.

"In fact, corneas can be transplanted through surgery, because you need to wait for someone to donate, but there are so many people waiting in line to buy it. Moreover, they will give priority to treating people who are completely blind. My vision is only weakened, and I have to wait until they treat those who are completely blind. , it will be my turn, do you think I should pray that I will become completely blind as soon as possible?"

The young man joked humorously, but the person he was talking to knew it was not funny at all. August hugged Day again, caressing Day's back with his hand, telling him over and over again that there was someone there for him. Day couldn't suppress his tears. The torture of the illness made him forget his family and friends during this difficult journey, and that there were still people who were willing to accompany him and support him.

Day wiped away tears and tried to calm down, while August tried to bring the mood back to where it was before with small talk.

"Do you remember the Peleor Beber restaurant? That very luxurious restaurant. We once promised to eat there together if we won the international competition." August asked.

"Remember, it's not cheap and it's hard to get a reservation." He smiled.

"I have reserved two places. Let's go eat together this Saturday."

Day was a bit overwhelmed by August's direct invitation. Today is already Wednesday, and there are only a few days left before the day he mentioned. The problem is that Day has never eaten out at a restaurant with anyone before.

"Oh, are you too anxious? I have never seen an international competition." Day said jokingly.

"But in the recent game I won, I won the men's badminton singles. Now I only participate in men's singles and mixed doubles, and will give up the men's doubles temporarily."

As much as Day wanted not to be happy about something so selfish, he couldn't. He admits he's glad August didn't find someone else to take his place.

"Okay, let's just think of it as celebrating you: let's be AA."

It is with this paradox that Day accepts August's invitation. After sitting for a while, Aon's lunch order was served. Day jokingly invites August to eat with him, even though he knows that August doesn't usually eat food outside of his meal plan unless it's a special occasion. So after

a while, the other party resigned and went back. In fact, deep down, Day didn't want to eat casually in front of his ex-partner.

"I have to stay here tonight. Brother Night told me. He said he had something to do and asked me to stay and help take care of the house."

As Mhok said this, he gave Day some pizza and grabbed his hand to show which one was chili sauce and which one was ketchup.

"I'll do it myself, I'll do it myself, who am I to you?" Day complained as he picked up the onion ring and put it in his mouth.

"Anyway, I'm going to stay here tonight and probably sleep in the living room," Mhok said.

"There is a ghost in the living room, did I tell you? When the house was first built, a pregnant worker fell to death here. No one at home would stay in the living room at night, especially late at night. You would often hear something like someone giving birth. "I cried out in pain," Day said as he rolled up the pizza so he could eat it.

"Really?" Mhok whispered.

"Of course it's not true." Day laughed, very happy. This made Mhok slightly unhappy, but he didn't say anything because they knew each other well. "If you want to sleep, you can sleep in my room. There is room on the bed anyway. If a robber with a gun breaks in and wants to kill me, you can help in time." Day looked very relaxed.

"Then when Brother Night is here, will he sleep in your room?"

"No." The young man shrugged.

"What if a robber breaks into your room?" Mhok chased.

"Night may want me dead, don't you know? He may have planned to send robbers to rob the house tonight. You should also prepare your gun and knife just in case."

Day looked happy and got up and went back to his room and told Mhok that he wanted to sleep during the day and did not want to be disturbed and that he would tell him if he needed anything. Afterwards, Mhok leaves to see Teacher Aon home. Meanwhile, Day fell asleep quietly. When he woke up again, it was completely dark, and a knock on the door woke him up. He could barely sleep because of August's incident before, but now he was sleeping deeply and didn't know what happened.

"May I come inside?"

After hearing this question, there was another knock on the door. -Day sleepily walked over and opened the door for Mhok. Mhok comes into the room and asks where he should sleep.

"You have to figure it out yourself."

Day replied without thinking before hopping on the bed and putting on his headphones to continue listening to the podcast he had paused. He squinted and thought Mhok would be sleeping on the floor next to the bed, near the window. This way he could keep vigil to prevent robbers from entering, as he had joked before.

"Be free, brother, you can do whatever you want. But if you want to smoke, you'd better endure it, or you can go out and smoke, and remember to take a shower." The owner of the room warned.

"I'm not that big of a smoker, don't be too exaggerated, okay?" the other party complained.

"Brother, you smell like cigarettes. If you don't have a craving for cigarettes, what should you say?"

Day said casually and Mhok wrinkled his nose and smelled his clothes. Then he pretended not to know what was going on, maybe because he lost the confidence to say that he had no craving for cigarettes, and suggested that he should take a shower first. The owner of the room pretended to be asleep, as if he had done something wrong. He suddenly felt inexplicably awkward being alone with Mhok.

After taking a shower, Mhok lay on the mattress on the floor and tried to chat with Day, but Day still pretended to be asleep. After a while, Mhok also became quiet. Day picked up the phone with the earphones connected and checked it, and found that it was almost midnight.

Suddenly Gee's question came into his mind, "Have you ever seen his face clearly?"

"Brother Mhok..."

The young man pretended to call softly, but received no response. He moved slowly, as gently as possible, on the bed. His caregiver lay there, but he could only vaguely see it. Day slowly moved closer, his vision becoming clearer. He continued to get closer, and the person in front of him became clearer, until the distance between them was less than a finger's throw away. It was the first time he'd seen Mhok- clearly since they'd met.

If they accept each other without any prejudice, everything will be as Gee said. Mhok was very good looking, beyond his imagination.

Day felt his heart beat faster...but he didn't know why.

Chapter 9

"Peleor Beber restaurant? Wow, these food are very expensive."

The nurse smelling of cigarette smoke said, while Day looked aimlessly at the goldfish in the fish tank. His goldfish Geensay gets along really well with his new friend Nozomi and seems to be more active with his new friend.

"This is French cuisine, a high-end restaurant. But I think it's troublesome for me to just eat ordinary noodles, let alone pasta." Day complained.

"It's okay, Day, you two are good friends, it's not a problem." Mhok tried to comfort the young man, but Day had no other response than silence and sighs. Day tapped on the glass to call Geensay over, but Nozomi, the new goldfish, swam over.

"Would you like to take a look at the menu first? There should be some things that are easier to eat. Day, you can choose for yourself."

After hearing this, Day thought it was feasible. He asked Mhok to read the names of the dishes on the menu to him one by one, imagining that he was enjoying these dishes slowly. He thinks the easiest thing and what he eats most often is steak. Mhok helped him plan and organize the upcoming Saturday, down to every detail, even what to wear. Since the PeleorBeber restaurant requires decent attire for dining, Mhok and Day chose their clothes carefully. Young people want to dress appropriately, but not look too formal.

The young man spent a long time choosing and finally made a decision, choosing a shirt, trousers and casual shoes. All that's left is to wait for the appointed time to arrive. During the four days from Wednesday to Saturday, Day both wants to go by quickly and slowly. On the one hand, he hopes that the appointed time will come soon. On the other hand, he felt worried. Having not seen August's face clearly for almost a year, he had almost forgotten the broad face. Deep down in his heart, he wanted to see that smiling face again, even though he knew it was almost impossible.

"Will you come with me?" Day asked when Saturday arrived.

"Yes, this is within the scope of my responsibilities." Mhok replied calmly, unable to feel his emotions.

"Then will you always wait for me there, or will you pick me up after I leave?" Day hesitated.

"Then will you always wait for me there, or will you pick me up after I leave?" Day hesitated.

"I'll be waiting for you in the car, just near the restaurant. If anything happens to Day, you can call me. You can tell me whenever you want to come back. Or if you have any questions and need help, you can call me anytime. , I'm always on call."

Hearing these words, the young man's face showed a smile for the first time in these days. Day asked Mhok to help him check whether he was dressed properly before getting into the car.

Day's heart was pounding, especially when he arrived at the restaurant and the waiter took him to his seat. Everything in the restaurant was eye-catching. The aroma of fresh butter filled the shop, and soft classical music played continuously. The people inside talked to each other in French-accented English, and the sounds floated softly into his ears. The scene in the restaurant blurred before his eyes, and Day slowly began to focus on every little detail around him.

"I'll wait for you in the parking lot. If you need anything, tell me," Mhok said after Day settled down. He borrowed a car from Night as usual. August's agreed time was ten o'clock in the evening, but they arrived at nine-thirty, so Mhok spent a lot more time waiting in the car.

"Don't smoke too much and watch your lungs," Day said, only half joking.

"Are you concerned about your lungs? How do you know if I smoke more or less?" The other party was not to be outdone.

"No matter whose lungs it is, it's the same. In the past two or three days, the smell of smoke on your body is stronger than at any other time."

The young man said with a chuckle, thinking that the person in front of him would reply with some harsh words. But no. Mhok was unusually silent, so silent that Day felt like he was interfering too much in other people's lives. His breathing became heavy and he felt uncomfortable. The blurred vision prevented him from accurately capturing the other person's emotions. Day wanted to say sorry several times, but on the other hand, he also felt that what he said was not so extreme as to make Mhok angry.

"I'll wait for you in the car." A calm voice sounded, and then the familiar figure slowly left. The young man was at a loss and could only pick up a napkin and wipe it. A headset is plugged into one ear to hear the hourly time. He focused back on the matter at hand. Mhok had told the waiter that he needed help from the chef to cut his steak into the right size for easy consumption, and that there should be no problem.

The waiter brought a glass of soda water, and the young man took it and took a sip, as if he wanted to relieve the heat in his heart. As for the source of this heat, he himself wasn't sure where it came from.

It's already two o'clock...

August hadn't arrived yet, and Day was a little hesitant to contact him, but he decided to sit quietly and wait. The other party may have heard the slight sound of rain because of the traffic jam. The young man called the waiter to ask, and then he realized that it was really raining outside.

It's already half past two...

August still hasn't arrived. Day decided to call his former partner, but when no one answered, he began to feel something strange. I called several times, but no one answered. He felt that he had misremembered the agreed date, so Day called Mhok to confirm because he was also present, but he confirmed that August did make an appointment today.

It's already three o'clock...

August hasn't arrived yet, and the previously pounding heartbeat has calmed down. Day couldn't think of anything else except that he thought the other party wanted to tease him and deliberately asked him out and then disappeared.

August may not have truly forgiven him yet. Day laughed bitterly and leaned back in his chair.

It's already half past three...

In half an hour, the restaurant will be closed. The waiter came over and asked if the steak he had ordered should be served now or taken away. The young man didn't want to be talked about behind his back, so he decided to let the waiter serve the food directly. But he didn't really want to eat it. If he forced himself to eat it, he would only feel heartache.

"If you keep it for a long time, it will become too hard and not tasty."

"Is it Brother Mhok?"

A voice came from not far away. He turned to look at the speaker's friend and saw a vague figure standing there. Although this was not the voice he was expecting, Day still felt a little relieved. Mhok pulled up a chair and sat where August should have been, then took a sip of the water he had been served.

"Then what should I do with this plate? It's such a waste. If the person I made the appointment doesn't come, I'm going to eat it. This level of meat is not cheap. It can fill up the gas of my motorcycle and run for a month." Mhok complained, Pick up the knife and fork as if to eat.

"Is there a lot of seasoning mixed in, brother? I haven't tasted it yet."

"Huan will tell you. If you want to know Wen Shao's answer, Tai Zhengzi, I can't see clearly what Day's alliance has."

Mhok said, raising his hand to ask the waiter to come over and ask for salt and pepper. Day took the opportunity to order another glass of red wine, and Mhok laughed.

"I thought you wanted orange juice with steak again, what's wrong? Do you want to get drunk or enjoy the delicious food?"

"I won't tell you, but if you want to know, let's eat together, so you know whether I want to get drunk or enjoy the delicious food."

Day responded to Mhok's words teasingly, and Mhok laughed again. They both took the first bite of steak with their forks and almost said "delicious" at the same time.

Even though it took a long time to cook, the taste is still very good. It's fat and thin, which is the benefit of Hishi's cooking skills. Although it's a little dry on the outside, it's still juicy on the inside.

"This must be a prank show," Day said, raising a second glass of wine and drinking it.

"Day, drink less, drink slower. Mhok tried to stop it, but Day didn't care. The uneasiness inside made him feel like he wanted to drink more, like alcohol was something special that could heal the wounds in his heart. It hurt. The waiter came in and told them that it was four o'clock sharp. If they wanted to eat anything more, this was the last time to order. The meal could continue, but please don't take it too long. Mhok replied that there was nothing more, But Day suddenly changed his mind.

"Three more glasses of the same wine." He said and laughed.

"Day!" Mhok was a little annoyed.

"What's the matter, brother? I'll have two drinks, and you have one... Or this way, brother, don't you think it's enough? Then I'll have one drink, and you have two." He clearly knew what Mhok was thinking, but he deliberately To irritate the other person.

"I think Day is already drunk. That's enough. There is no need to drink anymore." Someone tried to reach out and grab the wine glass in his hand, but the young man resisted with all his strength and was unwilling to let the other party take his glass away by force. The two of them pulled at each other like this for several minutes, until the person taking care of him finally gave up and withdrew his hand. Day raised his third glass of wine and drank it in one go.

"Everything may really be over, bro."

Mhok didn't respond, but he knew the other person was listening.

"When I couldn't see anything at first, I chose to run away because I was afraid of knowing the truth. To this day, I feel ready, I feel like I can accept everything. But when it comes, I still bear it No."

The young man spoke for a long time while trying not to make his voice tremble, but he couldn't. He felt like a complete failure today. Day tried not to cry, even though he knew the other person could easily detect it.

"I've been deceiving myself, saying I'm just blind, brother. I'm just blind, I just can't see. No matter it's the people around me or whoever, all the problems originate from me. I'm just

deceiving myself, brother. Who he Would Mom want to date a blind man? No matter where I go, I can feel the strange eyes of others." He laughed at himself.

"I don't think you're weird," Mhok retorted.

"That's because brother, you are just starting to understand me now. If you had known me earlier, maybe you would have left me long ago." Day continued.

"That's not the case, Day. Think about Gee, she's nice to you too."

"But Gee and August are different, brother Mhok, do you understand?"

He had tried his best not to show his vulnerability in front of others. But it's completely useless. The young man felt tears flowing from his eyes, sliding down the bridge of his nose and falling down his cheeks. Day will deny everything in the world, but he will never deny the true feelings in his heart. He picked up the fourth glass of wine and poured it into his mouth.

"I have always liked August, and I have never regarded him as just a friend." Day vented all the depression and uneasiness in his heart, and all the things he worked hard to build and maintain were like a carefully built sandcastle in the desert. The waves destroy mercilessly. From now on, he may not even be able to retain friendship. The blurrier his vision became at the moment, the more restless the young man felt. He wanted to stand up and violently overturn the table in front of him, leaving it as messy as his heart.

"Day..." Mhok was about to say something, but at this moment, the mobile phone placed at the door of the store rang. Heavy footsteps approached, and even though there was only a trace of reason left in his heart, Day still heard a movement clearly, and a heavy voice clearly called out his name.

"Day.." The owner of this voice is August.

Chapter 10

"Do you think August heard what I said?"

Day asked Mhok the next day. He was very drunk last night, but he still remembered that he accidentally let it slip. He didn't expect August to arrive at the restaurant at that exact moment. Day pretended to be drunk and asked Mhok to take him home. But even though he drank a lot, he was always sober. He learned that August had seriously injured his finger during practice and had to go to the hospital as soon as possible, and left his phone in the closet, so he didn't receive his call. Other than the fact that he accidentally said everything last night, it didn't seem too bad.

"I don't know either, Day, my back was turned to him."

Mhok's voice was strangely calm.

"You didn't lie to me, right?" Day asked with a hint of doubt.

"No, why would I lie to you?"

But why did he think there was something abnormal about Mhok's voice?

"Can you come to my place for a moment?"

Day said softly as a joke, Mhok sat in another corner of the living room, stood up and walked to Day. Before he could stop, Day took his face in her hands and slowly pulled him closer. When the distance between them was no more than a foot away, Day's eyes met Mhok's. Day wanted to see the emotion of the person in front of him, but Mhok's eyes seemed to have no reaction to August's matter, and it showed a sadness, a sadness he didn't understand.

"Your eyes are a little strange and seem sad. What happened to you?" he asked.

"My parents have passed away, my sister has also passed away, I myself have been in jail, and now I am heavily in debt, and I can't pay it back no matter what." Mhok seemed to be laughing at himself.

"I'm talking about things I don't know yet. Are you worried about anything at the moment?" Day thought so because Mhok's eyes showed what he was worried about.

"No...but even if there is, I won't tell Day. If I tell you, then it will become something you know."

Mhok smiled when he finished speaking, but the young man saw no happiness in his expression. He was about to say something in rebuttal when the bell rang. Mhok made an excuse to go out to pick up Aon, saying that today Teacher Aon would bring some Braille* books for Day to try to practice reading.

(*Louis Braille, also translated as Braille, is the inventor of Braille, a world-wide writing system used by blind and visually impaired people. Braille is a writing system that is touched by readers with their fingers. A method of reading text consisting of raised dots. This system has been adapted to almost all known languages.)

"Day. "

Just after the living room door opened, Day heard someone calling his name. In fact, he heard Aon and Mhok talking about something else, but that call sent shivers down his spine, even if it was mixed in with the voices of other people in the room.

That voice belongs to August...

"We met Day's friend at the door, and I heard he was also an athlete," Aon said.

"Teacher Aon told me that he will go for a run. Day, I think you should also go for exercise. You haven't exercised for two years, right? Don't you feel a lot of pressure? Go and vent, you will feel much better." August said in a normal tone! Everything was normal, as if he hadn't seen or heard anything last night.

"You said it easily, and you don't care about my current state." Day also tried his best to act normal.

"Do you want to try it? I can be your runner."

"What do you mean?"

"Brother, are you talking about me?"

"I'm talking about nothing, Day, why are you being so sentimental?"

Mhok's tone became lighter, and even though the two were still bickering, Day's hanging heart relaxed. So, the two began to have lunch. Today, Day decided to eat noodles. He felt that he could no longer escape. He must try his best to do everything well.

"Are you eating with your mouth or with your face? You see it's all over your face, and it's almost on your eyebrows." Mhok said with a chuckle.

"Eating these slippery noodles is like going to war. It's difficult to even use a spoon and fork, let alone chopsticks and spoons. It took so long to make a mess, but I still don't feel full."

"Wait a minute, I'll feed you. If you eat like this, you won't be able to finish it until the evening." Mhok said and grabbed Day's hand.

"Brother, you don't have to help me. If you keep helping me, when can I live alone? Day didn't respond, but Mhok's hand was still holding tightly.

"Do you really want to live alone?"

Mhok sounded like he was asking about small, everyday things, like what the weather was like. But Day sensed something else from the question. If he really wanted to answer this question, he might say, yes, he hopes to be an ordinary person as much as possible, no matter how difficult and difficult it is.

"Brother, do you plan to take care of me for the rest of your life? If only today, when brother pays off the car loan, he can live a good life. I know that no one is willing to do such a job, not even my mother and brother. Otherwise, why would they Do I want to hire you?" Day said a series of words, bringing the conversation between the two to an end. Mhok did not continue to argue, but he still tried to feed Day with chopsticks. Day resisted vigorously, preventing the other party from doing what he didn't want to do.

"I'm just going to feed you today and hold Day's hand tightly so that Day can remember this feeling and distance. I know Day doesn't want me to take care of you for the rest of my life. I don't like to force others to do something they can't do." Something you're willing to do."

Perhaps it was because of Mhok's words that Day loosened his hand that was originally strong. Mhok held Day's hand tightly and moved, smoothly bringing the noodles to Day's mouth. Everything went smoothly in silence, Day opened his mouth to chew and remember this moment, and Mhok was thinking about what he was going to say next.

"Brother, do you want to go running with us?" Day asked before the new topic started.

"Go ahead, it sounds fun. It's also a good opportunity to exercise after work. It's worth a try." Mhok said, and Day smiled. He finished the noodles easily and thanked Mhok for his help and for being willing to run with him as a friend. For some reason, Day felt a little strange without Mhok by his side. Mhok has become his support, always helping and supporting him. His presence is like a magical talisman, ensuring that everything goes smoothly.

Day is looking forward to it more and more, waiting with excitement for the promised day to arrive. On the appointed day, his excitement had not diminished at all.

"Is it tight enough?" his caregiver asked as he tied Day's shoes. Now, the young man's wrist has been firmly tied to August's body with a guide rope, and everything is ready. Aon and his partner taught basic running techniques and prepared before splitting because it feels more freeing. Now, on the park track, it was just the three of them—Day, August and Mhok.

"Let's do it," August said, pulling gently on the guide rope. Day moved along. In the beginning, everything was uncertain. However, with every step, the good feeling from before gradually returned to the body.

"Go forward about ten steps and we'll start to turn left."

His runner gave such a hint in advance. Combined with body language signals, running for the visually impaired is not as difficult as imagined. Day felt an indescribable freedom, and he didn't know if it was because he started sweating, as August said, or because he was doing something he hadn't thought he would do since his eyesight failed.

"How are you?" August asked.

"I'm fine, I'm enjoying it," Day replied.

They chatted along the way, Mhok not far behind. He was taciturn and barely participated in the conversation between Day and August until they sat down to rest after a few laps and Mhok excused himself to the bathroom.

"you..."

August hesitated while Day drank water to quench his thirst. He turned to look in the direction of the sound. He could only see vague outlines and couldn't understand the other person's eyes.

"I'm sorry for what happened before... let's have another meal together." August continued. Day tried to analyze his tone but couldn't capture the exact message. He had absolutely no way of telling whether August heard what he said that day. But if August heard it, then it might be a hint that two people went to eat alone.

"Again?" Day said with a playful smile.

"This time I won't break the promise like before."

The voice was deep and firm, stirring up hidden emotions deep within Day. All the images from the past came flooding back—those days when they'd run laps together on the playground, compete against each other until dawn, cheer when they won the qualifiers, or hug each other and cry when they lost to August. August is mixed in Day's memories and emotions and cannot be easily let go.

Day promised him again.

Chapter 11

"Brother, what do you think I look like?"

When the car parked there, Day broke the silence. August confirmed the time and location with Day on the phone in the morning, and said that he would arrive at the appointed place early and there would be no problems this time. But this time they didn't go to Peleor Beber because they couldn't make a reservation, so August chose a small bar they used to go to. It was small and friendly, and didn't have too many people in it.

"You feel like a junior high school student on a first date right now," Mhok joked.

"What, bro, are you kidding me?" Day felt his face turn a little red.

"Day, you've sorted out your clothes almost twenty times, and all you have to do is use a ruler to measure them. You can see how nervous you are from the way you look now." Mhok chuckled.

"Actually, I think what August said on the phone was a little strange. When he invited me, he said he wanted to make up for some things, and his tone, I felt a little bit wrong." Day said frankly.

"What's wrong? What's his tone?"

"It just feels a little awkward, brother, I don't know how to explain it."

Day was shy as he spoke. At first, he wasn't sure if he was blushing, but now he was absolutely sure. Mhok smiled but said nothing. After responding to August, Day reviewed recent events again. Maybe the other party had heard what he said that day, but he also knew that he was actually talking to himself now, which was of no use.

"Brother, I want to confess to August today." He said, and the atmosphere in the car became quiet again.

"Yeah..."

"Man, I feel like I have nothing to lose. At least I want to see him clearly again, I just want to speak out before it's too late," Day said.

Mhok said nothing, just squeezed Day's shoulder gently to express comfort. Then, the car fell into silence again. Day's heart was in a mess, especially if he confessed today and everything didn't go as he expected, what would he do next?

"Su, we're here... I'll take you in."

After the car stopped, Mhok's voice woke Day up from his thoughts.

Day waited for his caregiver to open the door for him, then stepped out of the car and took a deep breath to calm himself. He grabbed Mhok's arm and followed him to the bar where he had agreed with August. Memories from the past come to mind—he and August would sneak out here to drink under the coach. The store wasn't usually very busy, and they were familiar with the store manager, so it was unlikely that the coach would know.

"We are already at the door of the store."

As the leader spoke, he opened the door of the bar with his hand, and cool air blew out. Mhok walked ahead, soft music filling his ears. Day was rummaging around for his cell phone, ready to call August, but before he could take it out, there was an explosion, which sounded like a ribbon cannon. He dimly saw many people and colorful balloons in front of him.

"Happy birthday to you, Day!"

August walked over until his face was clearly visible. The birthday song rang out in the store, and everyone's singing also brought back memories in Day's mind. Gee was also there, and it seemed like all the friends from the badminton team were here.

Day couldn't hide his excitement, not only because there were many people helping him celebrate his birthday, but also because of August's eyes, which looked like he had something to say.

"Brother Mhok, just let me take care of Day."

The person in front of him said and took Pay's hand. Day originally grabbed Mhok's arm. At first, Day thought that August would let him grab his arm like Mhok did. However, August kept holding his hand, the palm of his hand. The temperature almost made his heart beat out of rhythm.

"Happy birthday to you, Day... I'll be waiting for you in the car as usual."

The young man frowned after hearing this. After Mhok finished speaking, he opened the door and left. Day felt the heat wave blowing in from outside. At that moment, he felt that Mhok wanted to say something just now, but he had no time to think deeply because the voice of another good friend appeared.

"Day, come and cut the cake, I've been waiting for you for a long time." Gee said, and Day came to his senses. August took him to the reserved seat, Gee sat on the left and August sat on the right. Gee whispered to him who was on the court. Most of them were friends they met while playing badminton together. August is busy putting candles on the cake, ready for Day to blow them out.

"Don't forget to make a wish," August said, pushing the cake in front of Day.

"I hope my eyes will get better!" Day said with a wry smile after wishing loudly. "It might be a little difficult... I hope I can get a new cornea soon."

After saying these words, before Day could blow out the candles, August stretched out his hand and held his hand, seeming to encourage him. Day smiled and blew out all the candles. Maybe God is not good enough to him in some things, but maybe he will be kind to him in other things, who knows.

Gee helped everyone cut the cake and distributed it to everyone present. At the same time, he also said that because he knew Day best and knew who Day hated, he would cut some corners for certain people, which made everyone laugh. The friends began to take turns drinking, and the shop owner also came over to wish Day a happy birthday, chatted with him for a while, and then left.

"It's enough for you two to have a piece of cake, you are so close." Day and August got a piece of cake together. August smiled but said nothing. Day picked up the spoon and prepared to take a bite of the cake, but he suddenly discovered that eating cake is actually a very difficult thing if you can't see. Because the cake is soft and smooth, you also need to control it from falling off the spoon. These are all issues that need to be considered.

"Let me feed you." August said.

"ah--"

Day frowned, and he saw a hand scooping out an appropriate amount of cake slowly approaching. He opened his mouth but closed it too quickly, causing the remaining half of the cake from his spoon to fall onto the dinner plate and stain his trousers with the bright red jam-smeared buttercream.

"Depend on!"

Day and August both screamed in surprise because the pants Day was wearing were white, so the red stain was very obvious. Day tried to wipe it with a tissue, but he couldn't quite do it.

"let me help you."

August picked up a tissue and prepared to wipe it with Day, but it made things worse because the stain was closer to the seam of Day's thighs. The more August tried to wipe him down, the more Day felt embarrassed and incompetent.

"No need," Day said.

"It's okay, I can help you." August continued to wipe.

"I said no!"

Day's voice almost turned into a roar, and August stopped wiping his hands, and then stepped back as if he had done something wrong. Day felt remorseful that he had screwed everything up again. August Hong, on the other hand, didn't do anything wrong. He became a problem for everyone because of his inability to take care of himself. "I'm sorry, I..." Day stammered, unable to explain what happened to him.

"It's okay, I understand," August responded.

"Let me go outside. I want to breathe the fresh air quietly." Day turned and said to Gee, who was sitting on the left. Gee was his good friend, so he stood up and led him out. August did not follow him. Go, because Day clearly wants to be left alone.

Day asked his friend to take him to an area with chairs not far from the parking lot. He asked to be left alone. At first, Gee was reluctant to leave, but Day said he had a cell phone with him and would call her immediately if something happened, so Gee finally agreed to leave. Day took a deep breath, and before he could think about anything, someone sat down on the seat next to him.

"I don't want this day to become a bad memory for you." August said, and took a deep breath. The atmosphere was no longer as tense as before, and the air outside also made Day feel more relaxed. The embarrassment also gradually disappears because of knowing the other person's good intentions.

"Okay...it's not that bad," he said.

"I mean, it could have been better, and you shouldn't be upset over these things," August said soothingly. But Day didn't know what else to say. Things have happened, and seeing this now, his self-confidence has once again been shaken, and even disappeared. No matter what it is, no matter how small it is, it will make him feel anxious and difficult to find a solution.

"Are you really okay? I haven't given you a birthday gift yet." August said brightly.

"what?"

"Close your eyes."

The young man closed his eyes according to his good friend's words and tried hard to imagine what gift the other party would give. He guessed it might be some exercise equipment or something. But not at all, Day guessed wrong, because the birthday gift he received was a gentle kiss on his lips.

Day opened his eyes in surprise, and his spleen was beating violently uncontrollably: but he saw the other person's face clearly, as clearly as if he had never seen it before. August closed his eyes and kissed him gently. After a while, he moved his face away and said with a smile: "This is my birthday gift to you."

August had a huge smile on his face. Day's heart beat harder, feeling that the person in front of him must be able to hear his heartbeat. Day knew the significance of August's kiss. Day took August's face in his hands and kissed him again, his eyes filled with anticipation.

However, the person in front of him showed a surprised expression. He felt August trying to move his body. At that moment, August moved away as if he was frightened. Day was sure that the last thing he saw on August's face was not the slightest hint of amusement.

"No...that's not what I meant."

Chapter 12

"What does this mean? I don't understand."

Day asked confused, he didn't understand the situation at hand. Since August kissed him and he was the one who started it, why did he act like he was violated when he responded to the kiss? After all, he didn't take the initiative first.

"me...."

"Did I miss you guys? I don't understand, do you want me to ask?" This was not what August said, but another voice that Day did not expect to hear at this moment. His caregiver appeared with the smell of cigarette smoke. If it was normal, he might say that the smell gave him a headache, but at this moment, he felt that this smell was what he wanted to smell the most. This made him feel at ease. This smell always brought him support and made him feel at ease.

"I'm not gay."

These words were like a sharp edge, cutting through Day's heart. He wished he could master the mysterious power that would allow him to disappear from here, but he didn't have any power, not even enough ability to escape from the person in front of him.

"You also know that Day likes you. If you are not gay, why did you kiss Day?" Day wanted to stop Mhok loudly and tell him to stop asking. But in his heart, he had to admit that this was indeed something he wanted to know very much.

"Day will soon be blind and I want to do anything I can for him."

"Is that the only reason?" After Mhok finished speaking, he drove up the shield.

"It's just because of this, right? I'm going to China soon, there are only a few days left."

"You knew you were leaving, how dare you do this!"

The two people in front of him made a sound of bodies colliding. Day was not sure who started it first, but from what he could see, Mhok and August were fighting now. He should have stopped them because he was their go-between. But in fact, he has lost interest in everything. He got up and left in despair, even though he didn't know where he was going, he just wanted to escape from this sad place.

In the end August was just like everyone else, looking at him with sympathy, the look he hated the most. This kind of look is all to prove that they are good people and that they can give generously, making him feel that he has to accept help and charity and is inferior. He hated everyone who sympathized with him as much as he hated himself at the moment. A kiss out of sympathy is a shameful thing.

"come here."

Along with the smell of tobacco, he heard a cry, and the owner of the voice pulled him with great strength, as if not allowing any resistance, and pulled him back to the car.

The person in front of him opened the car door for him, and Day sat directly in. All he could think about now was going home.

"If you're sleepy, just take a nap first."

The person in front of me said this and started the car at the same time. Soft music played, soothing the injured young man, and he decided to close his eyes and try to forget everything. Mhok drove quietly, the two of them didn't say a word, and the sound of the radio filled the silence in the car until the last song ended, and the radio started a new day's news broadcast, telling them that it was past midnight.

"Let the bad things stay yesterday," Mhok said, and the further away from the bar, all of Day's senses began to slowly return. He thought of the man who always had an expressionless face, and then began to think about the expression Mhok would make when he comforted him.

"Tell me what just happened," Day said briefly.

"I asked him why he kissed you," Mhok said.

"I want to know what happened, I don't want to know what you said. I can hear, I'm not deaf."

Day complained, causing the driver to chuckle slightly. Day smelled a faint smell of tobacco. The smell was better than ever before, which made him feel a little weird.

"I just punched him, and he punched him back," Mhok said calmly, sounding completely unemotional, as if he was talking about what to eat for breakfast. "Then I ran out and chased Day."

"I don't think there's any need to hit him. He didn't do anything wrong."

The young man's prediction was accurate. He knew that Mhok must have beaten August. So he wasn't particularly surprised when he heard what Mhok had done. He just wanted to know exactly what happened and wanted a clear answer.

"What's wrong? I can hit whoever I want," Mhok argued.

"But I'm not asking you to fight for me." Day also argued.

"Who said I'm doing it for you? I can hit whoever I want. This is outside of working hours, Day. I don't have to do what you ordered, I have to do what I want." Mhok was still arguing.

"Then please explain why you hate August so much and why you beat him?"

The young man complained, hearing the laughter of the driver. But before Day could get any answer from Mhok, he felt the vehicle seemed to be circling, as if it was heading towards the parking lot of a high-rise building. Day thought about the route home from the bar and felt something was wrong.

"Where are you taking me?" Day asked.

"Take you to a special place." Mhok answered as if he didn't think there was any problem.

"Why did you bring me here? I want to go home." He complained somewhat unhappily.

"I have a birthday present for you."

"Why...are you here to pity me again?" Day tried not to look disappointed, but in fact he had not received any birthday gifts from the people around him. He hasn't received a birthday gift from anyone since he entered high school. But why was everyone rushing to give him gifts when he was about to go blind? Is it out of sympathy? Or is there any other reason?

"I have never pitied Day, and I will not pit you for this." Mhok said very seriously.

"Don't lie to yourself, you actually pity me as much as anyone else."

"No, Day, that's not the case at all. Your life is much better than mine."

"How about we exchange? I'm here to live my life. I only want your eyes. I want to see. I don't need anything else." Day said, his tone like a child having a tantrum. He knew he was very irritable, like a wounded eagle that would peck anyone who came near him. Although he wanted to spread his wings and fly, there were no intact parts of his body, both inside and outside, and he was no longer qualified to call himself an eagle.

"If I could go back to my parents and sister, if I had no criminal record, if I could find a job like a normal person... then I would be very happy, Day."

Mhok's short answer calmed the turmoil in Day's heart, and he barely considered Mhok's feelings. He was always focused on his own problems and emotions, but he never noticed anything else. He still has friends, he still has a family, and most importantly... he still has life.

There was silence in the car for a while, until the car came to a steady stop, and Day stayed still. Until the car door opened, Mhok grabbed his hand and put it on his arm, telling him that he was taking him somewhere. But this time it was different. Mhok did not urge or pressure him, but let him make his own decision. The young man took a deep breath, then slowly walked out of the car, slowly following the people around him. He had no idea where this place was. As night fell, darkness enveloped everything around him, making his already poor vision even blurrier.

"I often come here when my heart is broken." -Mhok said in the silence.

"It sounds like you are often heartbroken." Day's tone began to become relaxed.

"Not often, but when we are sad, that feeling can't disappear on the same day, right? So, I come here often."

Mhok made Day stop, then let go of his hand and placed it on something in front of him. It's like a wall that isolates something. If you guessed correctly, this might be the roof of some building. Day felt like he could see the faint lights of tall buildings in the city in the distance, like twinkling stars in the sky. It was probably the most beautiful sight he'd seen since losing his sight.

"Should I feel relieved, mhok bottle, I suddenly feel a lot more relaxed. I have said everything I wanted to say, even if it wasn't what I meant."

Day raised his hands as if to grasp the air around him. He felt that his body was light and light. Although his heart was full of pain and trouble at this time, one day, everything would pass and he would never look back or feel regret.

Mhok and Day stood there quietly, and time passed slowly. At dawn, the first ray of sunlight flickered on the distant horizon, and the red-orange light gradually appeared. It was breathtakingly beautiful, like a sight I had never seen before. The young man could not clearly see what the city ahead looked like, but he knew that he was surrounded by beautiful light, and that was enough.

"This is my birthday gift to you, Day." Mhok said.

"Are you the owner of the sun?" Day responded.

"Yeah, Day just found out? I gave this to you."

The answer prompted laughter from both men. The sky slowly becomes brighter, like a sad past fading away. Day took a deep breath, filling her lungs with fresh air. Suddenly Mhok held his hand. At first, Day thought that Mhok would take him back, but no, Mhok held his hand and didn't want to explain anything.

"Day... I have something to ask you."

"What's the matter, brother?"

The young man asked doubtfully, but the person who asked the question did not answer, but slowly moved his face closer. Day wanted to ask again, but those eyes less than a step away explained everything completely. He closed his eyes nervously, and then felt a gentle, warm, sweet kiss, just like the first ray of sunlight lighting up the Bangkok sky at this time. After a while, Mhok broke the kiss.

"Why, brother, are you starting to sympathize with me too?"

Before he finished speaking, the person in front of him kissed her again. But this time it was even more intense. Day was caught off guard by the kiss. In addition to the smell of smoke that

he usually smelled, he also tasted the sweet taste that penetrated deep into his bones and made him intoxicated. It was an indescribable feeling. Mhok communicated with Day in a way he never had before, just as Day understood Mhok in a way he never had before. This passionate kiss full of tobacco flavor was something he could never forget.

"How about...do you still think I'm pitying you?"

Chapter 13

Mhok and Day hadn't said anything since that kiss, and it wasn't out of confusion or heartache or anything else, but it was like the beginning of a new, indescribable relationship. Day sat quietly and watched while Mhok was driving back. There was no other sound except the music in the car that was so soft that you could barely hear the lyrics and the lingering smell of smoke. They each returned to their own worlds, with no one asking or talking about anything again until the new week came.

"Is Day really not going?"

His caregiver asked repeatedly while he was tying guiding ropes around their wrists. They came to the park where they were running before. The difference was that this time the person accompanying the young man while running was no longer the friend named August, but a man named Mhok.

"Tomorrow is the time for the real race. If I don't practice, I will definitely not be able to finish the race. Let's try to hold on for a while. Teacher Aon' and I have made an agreement to finish the race together no matter what."

Day said, after firmly inserting the earphone in his right ear, he started running, with Mhok guiding him on his left side. Tomorrow they will run a ten kilometer race with Teacher Aon. What's special is that after the competition, Teacher Aon plans to propose to his girlfriend, and he also asks Mhok to help record a video for the wedding documentary.

Teacher Aon is one of the very important people in Day's life since he lost his sight and there is no way he can go wrong tomorrow.

[August, what would you like to say to the Thai fans who have always supported your competition? It will take a few months to go to China to participate in the competition this time. I believe the fans who have always supported August will miss you very much.]

While Day was running, the sound of a news interview came from his headphones. Today is August's last day in Thailand and he will fly abroad to prepare for the long game. Although there was a press conference at the airport, he chose to stay here for a run and did not go.

[I want to thank everyone around me, including my family, coaches, teammates, fans and past partners, even though we are no longer partners.]

When August mentioned his "past partner", the young man's steps became unsteady. Mhok had to turn around and ask about the situation, but he said it was okay and just kept running. [I believe that each of us has his own path to walk. I am very happy because we have the opportunity to meet and get to know each other on this road and enjoy many wonderful things together.]

Sweat oozed from the young man's forehead, but at the same time, all kinds of chaotic emotions seemed to be forgotten. He felt incredible. The heart that was once troubled by various emotions has now become extremely calm. He only focused on the road ahead and forgot about other things that had nothing to do with it, focusing on every step he took.

[One day, when we must separate, I believe everyone will understand that everyone has reasons for choosing a different life. I don't ask for anything else, I just hope that everyone can continue to move forward and not stop. Maybe one day, when our life trajectories intersect again, we will meet again.]

Day continues to run, choosing, as his former partner said, to leave those events in the past. At this moment, he no longer had any regrets. He's very open about his feelings, and when he feels loved he expresses it, and when he's disappointed he accepts it, and that's enough.

Even if there are scars behind him, his progress will not stop. This may be the most important thing in life. Day looked at the blur ahead, knowing that one day he wouldn't be able to see anything, and when that day came, he wouldn't have any regrets about it.

"I'm going to be jealous if you continue to listen to him."

A word from the person next to him interrupted Day's thoughts.

"Why are you jealous?" he said as he ran away.

"Do we have any laws against jealousy here? Can't I be jealous?" Mhok didn't stop either.

"It's not prohibited by law, but isn't my identity wrong? What's your relationship with me? Why are you jealous of me?"

Day was confused. He didn't know what Mhok was thinking. He wasn't quite ready to find answers to his feelings. The young man had just emerged from a period of emotional distress, and after only one night, he might not be able to forget everything and start over again with great expectations.

"Have you forgotten about our kiss?"

"You kissed me, not us kissing each other. You took the initiative to kiss me, and I had no choice but to stand there."

The other person talked about kissing as if they were talking about the weather. Day took off his headphones and began to feel his cheeks heat up, hoping Mhok would think he was acting this way because of the heat rather than how he was feeling inside.

"But Day also accepted my kiss, I remember." The man said and smiled.

"Stop talking about this and concentrate on being my runner. Can we talk about other things? I can't concentrate on running anymore. What if I hit a tree and knock my head off?" Day asked. Start a topic.

Day won't hit the tree because I'm going to protect you and I'll be the one to hit the tree." Mhok's low tone was completely inconsistent with what he said.

"What are you now? The flower guardian of the last century? It's really old-fashioned."

the young man complained, making the other man laugh. They stopped talking when they ran to the other side of the park, which was filled with people walking back and forth. Day has to concentrate on running so as not to accidentally bump into someone. Mhok also had to be very careful and remind Day of the direction he was running.

Everything went well on the last day of training. Mhok took Day to run ten kilometers within their planned time. Distance and fatigue don't seem to be issues for Day because he's a former professional athlete. The person who guided him seemed particularly tired, but he hadn't given up yet. The two got back in the car together and prepared to leave the park.

"We'll start at five o'clock tomorrow morning, so we'll be ready to leave at four-thirty. It takes almost an hour and a half to get here from Day's house. Considering that we still need time to prepare, there doesn't seem to be much time to sleep tonight. I don't know how to get up. Can you still run away?" the man said as he drove away.

"What do you want to say? Just say it." Day seemed to know what he meant.

"It's nothing, I just want to say that my home is near here. I can still make it in time if I get up at four o'clock."

"Are you inviting me to spend the night at your house?" he said sarcastically, "but even if I agree, we still need to go back to my house to get clothes and other supplies, and we still have to drive back and drive back."

"Actually, I have already prepared my luggage in the morning. If Day agrees, I don't need to go back to your house. How about it, am I quite prepared?"

"That's not thoughtful, that's cunning," he complained. In fact, he didn't really like Mhok doing this and felt a little uneasy inside. The worse his eyesight became, the more he felt that everyone was manipulating and arranging things for him.

"I'm not forcing you, and now, I'm driving back to Day's home." Mhok's tone softened, probably knowing that the young man was not happy.

"Brother, you can lie to me, I can't see you anyway."

"Day...I don't want to force you to be what I want you to be. But I hope you can also think about it from my perspective. It is my responsibility to take care of you, and I have been working hard. I want you to be in the most comfortable way." I don't want you to feel uncomfortable because of this." The driver said a lot, which was actually not in line with his character, but it also broke the barrier between the two.

Day sighed, "Brother is right, my own pain also made me forget to care about other people's feelings."

"I apologize to you if I made you feel uncomfortable." Mhok's straightforward apology made Day's heart skip a beat. He felt it was incredible. I don't know when this person who had always been by his side had such a big impact on him. shadow.

"I'm not angry with you," he said and took a deep breath, "but I don't like it when you prepare a scene in advance, as if you are controlling me. No matter what it is, you should tell me in advance. If you Tell me in the morning, I think it's okay, and we can prepare our luggage together."

"Okay, I understand." Mhok accepted his words.

"Brother, you want me to understand you, and I also hope you can understand me." After a moment of silence, he decided to speak out what was in his heart, "Since I got sick, everyone has been thinking about me. They just want to do what they think I don't like the idea of things being done right to me and not letting me make my own decisions. I feel like I'm a manipulated, lifeless puppet and I can't be myself."

Although he couldn't see it, Day could still guess Mhok's expression at this moment. He'd never really opened up about it to anyone, not even his mother. He knew that everyone was doing things for him out of good intentions, so he didn't want to refuse. But with Mhok, for some reason he felt like the relationship had progressed to the point where he needed to openly discuss the issue, and he just felt like he should say how he felt.

"I don't like people lying to me, and I don't like people doing things silently behind my back, especially for sympathy purposes. I would hate it very much."

The person next to him held Day's hand, but this time he didn't resist or say anything. He just stayed quietly and let the other person hold it like this.

"Day, can you not hate me?"

"I don't hate you because I packed my luggage secretly, but I hate you because you watched me do it behind my back." Day said, laughing happily.

"Day has held my hand several times and I've never complained."

Mhok's tone was a little aggrieved, but you could still tell he was joking. "You really look like a two-year-old, has anyone told you that?"

"People in love always look a little childish, just like Teacher Aon said." Mhok imitated Teacher Aon and sang a song, and the young man laughed happily. Who would have thought that someone who had been sent to prison for violence would have such a side.

"What kind of love? I have never accepted you. There is nothing between us." He joked.

"I love Day unilaterally. After a while, Day, you will be soft-hearted towards me." Mhok said with an expectant expression.

"You really make it more difficult for yourself."

"Then how do you decide about staying at my house? If Day decides not to stay, I have to leave. I can't change my mind again."

In the low voice of questioning, Day actually already had the answer in his heart. He laughed. In fact, there was no dispute from the beginning, just some discomfort because of the lack of advance notice.

"If you stop acting like a two-year-old... I'll agree."

Chapter 14

Mhok's house is a small two-story building, about the width of a unit in a commercial building, located in a deep, winding lane. Between the fences of the house, there is a small open space that can be used as a half garden and parking lot. There is a mango tree and a soft wooden table.

When they arrived home, Mhok took Day into the kitchen to wait and briefly explained the layout of the house. There is a composite function room and a kitchen downstairs, while upstairs are Mhok's bedroom and the late Rung's sister's bedroom.

"Do you want anything to eat before your run tomorrow morning, Day? I can order in advance so you can eat on your own in the morning." Porjai asked as the three of them ate dinner. Porjai is Mhok's ex-girlfriend and Mhok's only good friend. She is currently facing a difficult situation and Day is aware of everything as Mhok and Porjai never hide anything. Porjai is pregnant with her ex-boyfriend's child, with whom she has just broken up, and has temporarily moved into Mhok's home to avoid being stalked and harassed. But he never asked the question: Will Mhok be responsible for Porjai's child?

"Just a banana, thank you, sister."

But who dares to ask? And if he asked this question, he would be telling Mhok that he liked Mhok. Asking himself, Day is not quite ready to enter the stage of openly discussing a relationship with Mhok. He has not yet recovered from August's incident, and he needs more time.

"How are you, Sister Porjai? Do you know if it's a boy or a girl?" Day chatted with Porjai.

"I don't want to go for an ultrasound and waste money. It doesn't matter if it's a boy or a girl."

Porjai joked and told Day to eat more. She said everything on the table today was prepared by Mhok himself. Mhok actually cooks pretty good food, mostly Thai food.

"What about Day? How is his eyes? What did the doctor say?" Porjai asked back.

"What should I say, sister? My eyesight has been declining. The doctor said it will gradually decline. I don't know how much it has declined. But some things I once could see clearly are not so clear now. "

He confessed that he didn't feel like hiding anything. But this also made the atmosphere a bit weird, and several people became restrained, perhaps because this was not a topic suitable for small talk. Porjai also realizes that there is no need to continue, she changes the topic and offers to clear the dishes to thank Mhok for the preparation. The owner of the house, who had been silent all this time, invited Day to sit under the mango tree in the open space. Day could only vaguely see the garden.

"When Sister Rung was still here, she was always complaining. The house was only so small, and she wanted to plant other trees. This mango tree took up too much space. But Sister Rung cherished his things very much. No matter what, she wanted to plant other trees. She doesn't want to cut them down, she planted them all with her own hands."

Mhok started talking as the two of them sat on a soft stone under a mango tree. Day looked up and could only see some vague shadows, but it was enough for him to imagine the picture.

"How old was Sister Rung when she died?"

"Twenty-nine."

"very young."

After hearing this, the young man said in frustration. A twenty-nine-year-old man should not be so close to death. He starts to understand Mhok more, which is hard for anyone to accept.

"Is she sick? Can I ask?"

Day said with some uncertainty, and the people around him were silent for a long time. There was such silence that the person asking the question began to feel uneasy, and was about to say that he didn't have to say it if he didn't want to, but Mhok spoke up.

"Sister Rung was once married and pregnant, but then she had a miscarriage. After the miscarriage, everything changed. Neither sister Rung nor her boyfriend could accept this fact. Sister Rung's mental state was very bad, and they finally divorced. "

Mhok paused momentarily, took a deep breath and continued.

"In fact, I should have discovered it earlier. After losing the child, Sister Rung became very fragile. But at that time, I didn't pay much attention to others and lived a day-to-day life. Sister Rung borrowed some money and opened a Manicure shop, but failed. In the end, Sister Rung chose to give up her life."

"I feel sorry for you."

"I've been thinking that if I could go back in time, if I talked to her more and took care of her more, if she knew I was always by her side, she might not make that choice."

Day could do nothing more than hold the speaker's hand.

"But that's the reality, Day. You can't go back to the past."

The young man said with a hint of sadness, Day still held his hand tightly, but inadvertently looked up at the broad sky. He saw circles of light floating in the sky and was unsure what they were - the moon, the lights from the buildings, or the glare caused by sore eyes. But he didn't care, as long as it looked beautiful it was enough.

"Have I ever told you about my dad?"

Day asked and Mhok shook his head, but when he realized Day couldn't see clearly, he hurriedly said not yet and Day smiled unintentionally.

"When I was young, our family lived in another province. My father was from the south. After we got married, my mother moved there to live with him, and then my brother and I were born. Everyone said we had an ideal family. But I don't remember much, I was only two or three years old at the time." Day tried to recall the past, but could only recall fragments.

"Actually, I also want to know about Day's father, but I don't dare to ask." Mhok admitted.

"My dad was unfaithful to my mom, or rather he betrayed her. Once when he was drunk, he had a relationship with a colleague, and my mom caught him in the act. He admitted everything. In fact, it was just one night where he made a mistake, he did not continue the relationship with that colleague. But for my mother, she couldn't accept that she couldn't spend the rest of her life with the person who betrayed her.

The young man told the story in detail, Mhok listened quietly, and Day continued.

"My mom returned to Bangkok with her two kids and decided to raise us on her own and never forgive my dad. You know what? In our family, the word "dad" is taboo. As a child, if I mentioned my dad, my mom would be silent. My brother and I understood on our own that this was the rule in the family. I didn't care too much myself. I was still very young at the time and can't remember clearly. But my brother and my father have a very close relationship. For him, it was definitely harder for me to accept it all."

This time it was Mhok who held Day's hand tightly and gave him support. The young man smiled slightly and felt a wonderful feeling. Someone listened to his story, and he felt very warm inside. Under this not very romantic mango tree, although the conversation was full of the paleness and pain of life, for him, he felt an inner satisfaction and felt like someone was hugging him, so he got a breather.

"Hearing Day's mother's story made me think of Porjai, and how strong women must be who decide to raise their children alone."

Mhok frowned and Day scowled.

"If Sister Porjai has any trouble, just tell me and I can leave." Day said generously.

"Day, will you be jealous of Sister Porjai?"

"This is a strange question. Why should I be jealous? There is nothing between us." The young man said and smiled, but Mhok did not laugh with him.

The atmosphere became tense for a moment, and the strength held by the two hands seemed to say: This is a very serious question, and I hope to get a sincere answer.

"I know that living with an ex-girlfriend might make other people feel uncomfortable. But, Day, you should know how emotional pregnant women can be. I am very aware of my sister's situation and I don't want to make the same mistake again. Currently Porjai is alone Living alone, her parents are not in this city, I just want..."

"You did the right thing. If it were me, I would make the same choice," Day said with a smile.

"Are you really not jealous?"

"No, it's impossible for Sister Porjai to get back together with someone like you. You are as rigid as a piece of wood. People who are with you will find it boring." The young man said with a smile.

"I'm starting to hope that you'll be jealous, Day."

The words were said so playfully that Day was secretly surprised. It's like Mhok wanted to show a side that had never been shown before, a side that he didn't think Mhok could possibly have.

"I'm a little tired, let's go to sleep." Day suggested.

"Okay, let's go to sleep." Mhok said.

"I strictly prohibit you from doing anything excessive to me. You are not allowed to touch me! If you do anything to me, I promise I will fight back. Do you understand? I will fight back!"

Day looked serious, as if he had noticed that Mhok seemed to be about to say something inappropriate.

Mhok smiled and raised his hands in surrender and they quietly walked into the bedroom. And Porjai had already gone to bed in the bedroom on the second floor early.

Mhok's bedroom is quite small, about half the size of Day's room. The room was filled with all kinds of debris, leaving only a narrow passage. The bed is also the size of a single bed, so it would feel quite crowded if two people sleep together.

"If Day feels uncomfortable, I can sleep on the floor," the room's owner said.

"Which floor? Is it the cement floor in front of your house? You don't even have a place to walk in your room. Which floor are you going to sleep on?" Day muttered.

"As a poor man's boyfriend, you have to put up with some inconveniences." Mhok seemed to be humming a song.

"Go tell your boyfriend and stop looking for me."

Day said as he crawled to the other side of the bed to sleep. Both of them had taken a shower before eating. The bathroom at Mhok's house is a public bathroom located downstairs. He had already washed it while he waited for Mhok to cook.

"I have enough water to take a shower every day..." Mhok said

But Day interrupted before he could finish and said, "We're all out of water."

The two men laughed out loud in the dark little room. In this dilapidated little house, the two men shared their regrets about missing. That night, Day slept peacefully. For some reason, he felt very light and happy inside, as if Day himself had grown by learning about the different facets of Mhok. He saw a life he had never seen or imagined.

Perhaps the brightest thing tonight is not the stars in the sky, but the smile of the person lying next to him at this moment, who has always been with him.

Chapter 15

The whistle sounds, indicating that the game has begun. With the youngster taking a confident stride, Mhok suggested choosing a relatively less crowded track and planning on keeping some distance from others to allow Day to run more easily without worrying about bumping into others.

Day continued running step by step without thinking too much about the distance. Despite Mhok's constant reminders, Day didn't want to reach the finish line quickly and get a medal. To be honest, he participated in the running competition because he wanted to attend Teacher Aon's wedding.

"Want some water?"

Mhok asked when they had run about five kilometers. In fact, Day didn't feel particularly thirsty because he had eaten a large banana before leaving home. For him, running is much easier than participating in badminton matches. The rhythm is very stable, there is no need to run fast, and there is no need to expend a lot of energy.

"Why don't you drink some first, brother? I'm not thirsty yet."

Mhok accepted the offer and took him on a run. Day remembered a sentence he had heard before, "Life is to keep running forward, don't stop." The look in his eyes at this moment showed that he had devoted himself wholeheartedly to the present. He didn't know what was waiting for him ahead, but he still To keep moving forward.

"It's already eight kilometers, Day. Do you want to take a rest? We can walk for a while. We still have a lot more time than yesterday."

Mhok asked as they turned the corner along the park's track. But the answer is still the same as before. Day didn't feel particularly tired during the badminton match. "It's okay, brother, I'm not too tired," Day said.

"But I'm a little tired," Mhok gasped.

"Really, brother? Yesterday you did look more energetic than today. Why are you so tired today?" Day asked doubtfully.

"Because there are more people today, Day. I need to be more careful than yesterday, so I feel a little tired and maybe a little nervous." Mhok responded.

"Want to take a break then?"

"No."

After the leader responded, they continued to abandon the run. The young man deliberately slowed down his pace to give the leaders a chance to rest and catch their breath. He smelled the smell of green grass nearby, guessing it might be freshly cut grass, or it might be because it rained last night, so the air was filled with a moist aroma.

While running, he recalled the time when he was just about to train for a run. At that point, August said he wished he could do some exercise, too. People who exercise regularly may feel very uncomfortable if they suddenly stop exercising. August is right.

Now he feels that his body has become lighter, and he even has the idea of exercising every day.

"Run another five hundred meters and we'll reach the finish line, Day." Mhok said.

"Wow, brother, you ran really fast today, faster than yesterday." Day responded.

"Because Day kept running and didn't stop." People around him said with a smile.

"It's because of excitement, brother. With the cheers of the audience and the sound of other people running, I feel full of energy and want to run even more." The young man responded with a smile. There are always people cheering them on the road, some are staff distributing water, some are people running in the park, and some are people hanging out in the park. Seeing Day and Mhok running together connected by a guide rope, he heard more cheers, which filled his body with strength.

"Day.."

Mhok's deep voice made Day feel a little strange. He turned his head, feeling that Mhok was going to tell him something very important next. But before Mhok could speak again, the other end of the guide rope stopped moving. Mhok stopped, and Day stopped running.

"Ten more meters and we'll be at the finish line."

Hearing this, Day's heart beat faster unconsciously. Although the sound of cheering from behind was getting louder and louder, which made him feel very nervous, he showed a big smile, thinking that another thing he wanted to do was about to succeed, and he was so excited that he couldn't help but feel excited. Aon comes to mind.

"Day..."

Mhok's words were full of hesitation, as if he was making some kind of decision.

"After we cross the finish line...Day will be my boyfriend!" When the person in front of him said this, Day's heart beat wildly uncontrollably, even though he had already run nearly ten kilometers. , can't compare to the physical reaction caused by the words just now.

"Are you making a bet with me?" he complained jokingly.

"No, it's not a bet, I just want to be your boyfriend." Mhok denied.

"Then if I don't want to be your boyfriend, I don't have to cross the finish line?"

"Day, I'm just telling you what I've always wanted to say...that's all." Mhok said calmly. Hearing this, the young man smiled, then stretched out his hand and took the hand of the person in front of him tightly. They no longer needed the guide rope, no need to say anything, Day continued to run forward, Mhok close behind.

"10...9...8...7...6..."

Day looked back on everything in the past few months, ever since he met the man who was now counting down in his mouth, and he realized that Mhok was different from everyone else he had met in his life. If Day were to look at it by conventional standards, he would not be interested in Mhok at all, but what he has experienced has taught him to see that Mhok has something that others don't.

Mhok could see into his heart like no one else could. If a person is beautiful on the outside, it may not be difficult to see through the outside to see the inside. But his situation was just the opposite. He was just an ordinary person, but that man never cared. He chose to understand his heart.

"5...4...3...2...1..."

The person next to me is far from perfect. If compared point by point, Mhok probably has as many flaws as he does. His life fell into a trough, and he lived a homeless life. His friends and family gradually moved away from him, and there were also those feelings of guilt that were difficult to eliminate and always accompanied him. He has it, and so does Mhok.

There was something about Mhok that he had never seen in anyone else. But at the same time, he also saw things in Mhok that others might never see. As August said, life is a process of moving forward, and the next stop of his life is almost here.

"0..."

The two people held hands and crossed the finish line together, relatively speechless. Mhok hugged Day with love. Day could smell the sweat of the people around him, and the smell of tobacco mixed with the pungent aroma of grass. At this moment, he also felt the joy and happiness he had never experienced before.

Day's heart was pounding so fast that it almost exploded. He chose to open his heart and walk the difficult road with Mhok. Like he once asked Aon, can a sighted person and a blind person live together? He still doesn't know the answer, but since no one around him has any objections, why should he belittle himself?

"Brother, stop making trouble. Don't kiss me at this time. I don't want to be so romantic when there are so many people around."

Day hesitated, for he saw that the man in front of him had a strange expression, and seemed to be closer to his face than usual.

"In that case, if there aren't so many people around, you can kiss her, right?" The man in front of me answered like a kindergarten kid who just got a new toy.

"Yes...but you have to pay"

"Then I might go bankrupt."

"Then don't think about the things that are on your mind now." Day quietly slipped away from Mhok, "You can go and prepare to shoot the proposal video for Teacher Aon."

"Oh...I almost got angry."

Mhok said, laughing heartily. The two received their medals from the staff and then walked in each direction. The young man took out his mobile phone and handed it to the other party, and then they walked hand in hand to the agreed place, where someone was waiting to propose.

Day felt a little uncomfortable holding hands with Mhok in a public place, but the feeling quickly disappeared. Sometimes there are benefits to being blind. Even if he cares about other people's opinions, now he can't notice even if others look at him unkindly. He should be more worried about being blind soon than he is about holding hands with Mhok.

Mhok led him through the crowd to where Gongquan took photos and drank water. There were noisy sounds all around. Day felt a little depressed, but thanks to Mhok's presence, he felt relatively comfortable and at ease.

"Teacher Aon sent a message saying that it might take a while. Teacher Aon's girlfriend has already reached the finish line, but she went to help other runners and contestants in case anyone encounters problems." Mhok conveyed to him.

"Get me a bottle of water."

After Day finished speaking, the people around him agreed and turned to the person distributing water not far away, and then took a bottle and handed it to him.

Day unscrewed the water bottle and drank happily, shaking the nearly empty bottle a few times before pouring the remaining water over his head. The cold water flowed over his face, making him feel very refreshed.

"Teacher Aon sent a message asking us to meet at the photo booth later. I think we can wait around here," Mhok said.

"Is there a photo booth here too, bro?"

"Well, Day, do you want to take a photo?" The other person said hesitantly.

"Of course, I want to take some pictures as a souvenir, brother. Once I can see in the future, I can look back and see what we look like now. It should be interesting and worth remembering."

Mhok accepted what Day said and took Day- to line up for photos. It wasn't long before they were in the photo booth. Day asked Mhok to choose the frame for the photo, while he turned to the side mirror to adjust his hair and appearance.

"Are you ready, Day?"

Mhok asked and Day said yes. The pair were grinning widely as they posed in front of the photo booth's camera when a beep told them the photo was taken.

Suddenly, Day's vision became cloudy and he couldn't find his direction. He groped for Mhok, then called in a trembling voice. People around me find it very strange. Day turned around and walked out of the photo booth in a daze. Feeling that he was the only one around, he looked around and said hoarsely:

"Brother Mhok...I can't see anything."

Chapter 16

Bright lights flickered rhythmically, lighting up in circles and then fading into a blur. Like fireworks blooming in the night sky, it becomes bright again and finally disappears. The surrounding environment suddenly became dark, and a sigh came from the ears, and then everything became bright again, but the vision was still hazy.

"I hope you're mentally prepared for it to get worse faster than I expected."

The young man listened to the doctor's words and pursed his lips. After coming out of the photo booth, he couldn't see anything, and Mhok hurriedly took him to the hospital. As for Teacher Aon's proposal, I can only ask other people for help, and Teacher Aon is very understanding.

"Doctor, how much time do I have left on my eyes?"

The young man took a deep breath. He felt so much pain at the moment that he almost forgot to breathe. All he knew was that his eyesight was continuing to deteriorate and that soon he would be completely blind, and Mhok held him tight.

"It's difficult to give you an exact time." The doctor said seriously.

"However, other patients who started to develop similar vision problems mostly had no more than 180 days remaining."

That number came to Day's mind, and he began to count down, as if he were counting down his own lives.

"Doctor, are there any other precautions?"

After completing the eye examination, the young man was about to leave, but he changed his mind and asked the doctor one last time.

"If it were me, I'd rush to do what I want to do."

The sound was like a hand shaking Day's whole world, as if it was about to collapse at any moment. Indeed, now I can only think about what I haven't done yet.

"Day, what did the doctor say?"

What Day heard from the moment he left the hospital was Night's anxious questioning, which not only failed to calm him down, but made him feel even more angry.

"The doctor said I'm going blind." Day's voice sounded like a roar. He knew he shouldn't be like this, but he couldn't control his emotions. "Are you satisfied?"

"Day, why are you saying that? You know I don't want things to turn out like this." Night said, reaching out to grab Day's arm, but Day got rid of his hand.

"Really? I thought you did it on purpose."

"Day, I beg you..."

"Keep your nonsense to yourself, I will never forgive you!" Day cried, tears welling up. "Mark my words, bastard brother!"

Day felt like his heart was being torn apart.

"I will never forgive you!"

After speaking, the young man turned and left, no longer caring about other things. Mhok hurriedly followed, but didn't dare to say anything. When asked if Night was following, he denied that Day grabbed the hospital railing tightly and walked forward without looking back.

Time is running out...

Day picked up the phone and dialed Teacher Aon's number, and the other party soon answered the call. Day apologized for not being able to help him and asked if the proposal went ahead as planned. There were words of comfort and inquiries from the other end of the phone, but Day changed the subject.

"Teacher Aon, when will you get married?" he asked.

"Next week, it will be held in Songkhla, teacher. My family has prepared everything and said that the good day will not arrive until next year, but we don't want to wait. Is it convenient for you? If possible, please come as soon as possible. If not, we can have dinner together at another time." The other end of the phone responded politely.

"I'm going."

Day said firmly, and the man supporting him paused, but asked nothing and made no objection.

"No problem, teacher. I'm really happy and hope you can come."

The other end of the phone responded and hung up.

Day continued walking slowly down the hospital corridors until she was almost at the end. He was still wearing running sportswear, and so was Mhok. They only brought a few necessities, a wallet, and a mobile phone. It could be said that they didn't prepare anything for a long trip.

"Brother Mhok...can you take me to Songkhla?"

Time is running out...

"Day, when do you plan to leave?" the other party asked.

"Today, right now."

Day was determined. He didn't want to wait any longer. If he couldn't see it tomorrow, he would have no regrets.

"What about Brother Night and Day's mother?"

"I'll handle it myself."

"Day, what are your plans now? What do you want to do? Where do you want to go? Tell me all your ideas."

Day listened nervously, unsure if the other person was trying to stop him.

"I'll take Day there right away.

"I don't know anymore, brother. I just want to get out of here and go to Songkhla no matter what," he said.

"So, how about taking a plane? It's the most convenient. I can ask Brother Night to book a ticket for you."

"Don't let me hear that name again."

The young man's tone was decisive, and he felt uneasy. He knew that Mhok had nothing to do with these things. He moved his lips and wanted to apologize, but the other person spoke first.

"How about taking the train?"

"Okay, I just want to see the scenery along the way. Maybe this is the last time I can see it."

After the young man wearing a countdown watch finished speaking, the caregiver took him in a taxi to the train station to buy a ticket.

Day gave Mhok an ATM card for shopping. Since he began to lose his sight, he has been unable to make money and only has tens of thousands of dollars left in his account. He also spread the deposits across several accounts, and the one given to Mhok was just one of them.

Luck seemed to be on their side. There are not many passengers on the southbound train because the cool season is approaching and many people go north to enjoy the mountain scenery. Day and Mhok got adjoining berths, one on the lower berth and one on the upper berth.

"I'll sleep on the bunk myself so Day you can watch the scenery."

Mhok said. When he took Day to his seat, Day quickly moved to the window to see the scene outside clearly. But all he saw was a watercolor painting that seemed to have been melted by liquid, so blurred that it lost its shape.

"Let's sleep together like this. I don't want to sleep alone, and the bed is quite wide." Day said willfully.

"Day..."

"You are my boyfriend, you should pamper me." He kept saying the word "boyfriend" in his mouth. The only moments left in his life did not allow him to reserve or hide any words. He had to obey his heart.

"Oh. You are asking me to pamper you like this. You are really spoiled. I have never seen you say such sweet words to me." Mhok said jokingly.

"Don't you like it? If I don't like it, I can go back to my original self, being snarky and humorless."

Day mumbled a challenge and Mhok chuckled softly, opening his arms and hugging him tightly. This time it felt different from the hospital, Mhok didn't say anything, not to calm him down, it was like telling him that he would stay by his side and not leave. He felt at that moment that his decision was the right one.

"I understand how Day feels and I will do my best to accommodate Day, but Day has to make a commitment to me."

"What?"

"When faced with important things, I hope Day will do what I say, especially things related to Day's safety." Mhok said in a positive tone.

"I promise."

Day, responded with a confident look, and made a promise to himself in his heart that he would not let his boyfriend's expectations of him fail. No one has ever accommodated him as much as Mhok, so when the big moment comes, he doesn't let Mhok down.

They chatted for a while, and the staff came over to adjust the seats into recliners. Day had experience riding overnight trains before and knew the approximate size and appearance of a recliner, even if he couldn't see clearly this time.

He was the first one to sit on the bed.

"I want to sleep by the window," Day said first.

"It's very narrow over there, Day, can you bear it?" Mhok asked again.

"It's not much narrower than your bed."

Mhok smiled and he sat down to sort the packages and put the unimportant items like food, newly purchased clothes and some small sundries on the top bunk bed. Only the essentials are listed below. He closed the curtains and made it look like a private space.

"If you feel tired or uncomfortable, don't blame me."

Mhok said with a smile. When Day saw that the people in front of him had sorted themselves out, his patience in waiting was exhausted. He couldn't help but hug the person in front of him. This was his last spiritual support. His tears flowed out like a fountain, and Mhok waited quietly.

In the past time, Day always thought that he had always been strong and that he could live alone and deal with those difficulties. But in reality, this is not the case. He is just a very fragile ordinary person. However, in the past time, he has never met anyone like Mhok. He feels that Mhok is his support and the only person who can understand him.

Day buried her head in Mhok's chest and cried heartily. Mhok didn't say anything, he just hugged Day tightly and gently stroked Day's head. Day thinks this is enough, and this is the greatest understanding for him.

The train sped into the darkness, as if to escape a young man's sorrow and sorrow.

Chapter 17

"We arrived several days ahead of the wedding. Day, do you want to go somewhere?"

Considering that Aon's wedding was almost ready, Day and Mhok's arrival can be said to be quite sudden. Day recalled his impression of Songkhla in his memory and began to think about what he could do and what else he wanted to do but had not done yet.

"Let's find a place to live near the beach, bro. I want to watch the sunset."

For the first two days after arriving, they stayed in the city not far from the train station because they hadn't fully decided on their itinerary yet. In the end, Day asked Mhok for help to adjust the accommodation location according to the road between the original residence and Aon's wedding venue.

Mhok took the young people on a bus to a beach, which was the only way to get to the wedding venue. They booked an affordable accommodation closest to the beach. When we got there, it was already afternoon and the sun was about to set. They were going to find something to fill their bellies and buy some snacks in case they were hungry at night.

"Let's go to the beach and play in the water together, brother."

the young boy invited, shaking his boyfriend's hand like a child. He smiled and pulled Mhok with him. Although he said he was going to play in the water, Day decided to sit on the beach. The waves that washed up on the beach gently lapped his feet, and he looked up at the sky slowly changing colors.

Since Day's eyesight began to decline, looking up at the sky has become a habit for him. Because even though his vision was blurred, he could clearly distinguish and imagine the colors of the sky. For example, now, the beautiful blue gradually turns into orange.

"Brother, you know, since I started losing my sight, I have the ability to distinguish people's voices. Just by listening to the voice, I know the personality of the person speaking." Day said.

"Really?"

"No, I'm kidding."

Mhok's voice sounded so serious that Day accidentally laughed. Who would have that kind of super power? If there is any special ability, it might be the ability to see the beauty and brokenness in life.

"I was just going to ask you what kind of person you think I am?" Mhok said jokingly.

"An asshole," Day said, laughing.

"It's not good to talk about your boyfriend like that. Such bad boys must be punished."

Mhok pretended to complain, then lowered his head and kissed Day on the cheek. Day was secretly surprised, and he was worried that someone would see it. He looked around quickly, but he suddenly realized that if anyone was looking, he couldn't see it.

"I'm very shy, you know?"

"What are you shy about? I'm not shy at all."

"But I'm just shy. What's so hard to understand?" Day complained, but Mhok just smiled.

As the sky turned crimson, Day picked up his phone and handed it to Mhok.

"When the sky becomes more beautiful, we can take selfies together," Day said.

"If you want to secretly look at my face when I'm alone, just tell me. Don't be shy." Mhok said jokingly, and Day patted Mhok's shoulder gently.

"Who wants to see your face?"

"Then who sneaked up on me when I was sleeping, with my face so close that I felt like I was kissing, but thought I didn't know who it was?"

Day's face immediately turned red, he always thought that Mhok didn't know about it that day. Does this mean that Mhok actually knew all along that he was secretly watching him that day? Day was embarrassed and patted Mhok gently with his hand. Mhok tried to pretend to protect himself and laughed, but he did not continue to tease Day.

"Dey, did you hear that sound?" Mhok tried to change the subject.

"I heard it, but even if I heard it, how would I know what it was? If you know, tell me."

Day was blunt as he continued to tease Mhok by tapping him with his hand, scolding him for knowing but pretending not to know.

"Full Moon Party."

Mhok replied, making Day forget everything else for a moment. Images of colorful lights, cans of beer, and people from all over the world dancing came to mind. The sky was starting to get dark now, which meant the party was going to start soon.

"Brother, you know, when I was a professional athlete, I was strictly prohibited from drinking. Even if I drank some secretly, I could never let the coach know. I have never been as drunk as these people."

"Neither do I. I'm a very good drinker."

"That's great. I want to have a good drink today. Since you can drink, just wait and drag me back to my residence."

The young man laughed loudly, stood up, and pulled Mhok with him to the full moon party. Even though Day couldn't see, the gorgeous lighting made it easy for him to picture the scene in his mind. Mhok was responsible for buying the tickets and getting the drinks, and the two of them walked around the venue with the drinks in their hands and drank.

The sky had completely darkened and was illuminated by the surrounding lights. Here, Day doesn't feel any different from others, because no matter how good your eyes are, it's hard to see clearly in the dark. Tajia was intoxicated by alcohol in the dark, swaying to the rhythm of the music.

Day met a lot of people here, not only Thais but also foreigners. Mhok and Day kept holding hands to avoid getting separated. Day loudly told everyone he met that Mhok was his boyfriend. No one knows them here, and even if they do, it doesn't matter.

By two o'clock, the party was over. The music stopped and the neon lights came on. At first, Mhok invited Day to go back to rest, but he saw two new friends, Michael and Denis, vomiting on the beach. He took Day to care and see if he could provide some help.

Denis was so drunk that he lay down on the beach and fell asleep. Mhok was sitting on the other side, quietly drinking the last of his beer. Only Day and Michael were left chatting. Michael was British, probably in his twenties, but Day couldn't tell what he looked like.

"I had always thought the Full Moon Party only happened once a year. Nobody has ever told me that people in Thailand get to enjoy it every month!" Michael said.

"Are you gonna stay for long? A gap year?" Day asked.

"Nah, actually, I am a pro cyclist, or was... I don't do that anymore "

"How so?" Day asked curiously. Michael was silent for a moment, picked up the beer placed on the sand, drank it in a big gulp, and then lifted up his trousers to show Day. Since there was not enough light in the middle of the night, Day couldn't see clearly, so Mhok got closer and quietly told him that Michael's leg was a prosthetic leg.

"Yes, I lost my leg."

"You know what? I am a national badminton, player as well, or...was. i don't play anymore"

Day felt a strange feeling inside of him, thinking that what Michael was going through was no different than the emotions he was feeling now.

"Injury?"

"Umm, my cornea, i'm going to blind soon."

Michael raised his beer again and took a swig. They should have said words of sympathy to comfort each other, but when they heard each other's pain, they said nothing, as if their pain did not need any explanation to understand each other.

"At first, I couldn't admit it, the fact that I had become disabled. Didn't move for a year, my other leg became twig, I never wanted to wear a prosthetic leg"

Michael looked back on the past with a soft smile, and Day smiled because he could feel the similar experience. When his eyesight first started to deteriorate, he also locked himself in his room, unwilling to go out to meet people, escaping from reality and falling into a self-created predicament.

"Then what made you change your mind?"

"Well, I fell for a girl, on Tinder. Her name is Irene. I just simply thought that i could stand a better chance going with the leg than in the wheelchair."

Day listened intently, trying to catch something in the narrator's tone and facial expression. From the tone of his voice, he believed Michael must have been smiling broadly when he talked about the girl. He himself inadvertently thought of the man drinking beer next to him. Mhok sat quietly, and he even had to try hard to see if Mhok had accidentally fallen asleep.

"Did you succeed then?"

"Almost! The light was already off, but I just got into a wrong position. Once she found out, she immediately ran away, leaving me hanging like that in the hotel."

The last sentence made both Day and Michael laugh, and Mhok couldn't help but laugh too. That may sound funny now, but Day believes Michael couldn't have laughed at the time. This is just like his life, when he recalls some painful things, he will feel like a joke.

"Did you two ever get to talk again after that day?" Day asked with interest.

"No, she blocked me, but to be honest I've never been angry with her. If it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't be seeing a beautiful scenery like this.

Michael stood up on his own, and although he didn't look very agile, it was almost unnoticeable unless you looked closely. Day's new friend raised his hands in the air, pointed to the sky, and yelled.

"Look I'm still alive!"

The person in front of me showed a big smile. Even though Day didn't see it with his own eyes, he could feel it intuitively. Day also decided to stand up, raise his hands to the sky, and shout like Michael did.

"You're right! I'm still alive."

When Day said these words, his eyes filled with uncontrollable tears. He lost a lot during this time, lost his eyesight, lost many precious friendships, and lost many things on the journey. But one thing he never lost was his life, he could still breathe, and there was a future waiting for him. Even though the future may no longer be as bright as he once hoped, the world before him hasn't completely dimmed with the loss of his vision.

Day yelled again, knowing full well that those words that seemed meaningless also had meaning.

He is still alive...

Chapter 18

Michael and Denis left early the next morning. Several of them fell asleep on the beach at night and did not return to their rooms. Denis was the first one to wake up. He woke up Michael and prepared to leave. The two foreign men were going to take the train and continue traveling south without a specific destination. They would browse the scenery along the way and use the money in their pockets rationally.

Day and Mhok spent another two or three days near the shipwreck, sleeping in and hanging out near the beach in search of delicious food. Mhok would take Day around on his motorcycle, looking for new restaurants to try various foods. Some were delicious, and some were not so satisfying, but it was all a wonderful experience.

Since leaving Bangkok, Day has not heard from his family, including his brother and mother. Mhok told him that he had called Night to tell him that he would take Day out. As for his mother, Night will go and talk to her personally. Day doesn't care too much about this. Even if his family disagrees, he will do what he wants to do.

When the time came for Aon's wedding day, the two of them rented a car! Go to the hotel where the wedding is being held, which is in another district. The two of them found the most suitable clothing for the wedding from their chaotic luggage, a shirt, a pair of trousers and a pair of leather shoes.

"Teacher Day, you are really sincere, I have to admit."

The voice greeted warmly, which was the first voice I heard when Day entered the venue. Mhok whispered as Aon and his partner stood in their bride and groom attire to welcome the guests. Aon's partner told him that Day had arrived, and Mhok took Day directly over.

"I didn't expect the teacher would really come." Aon said with a smile.

"Oh, if I had known I wouldn't have come. The teachers don't trust me." Day responded in an approachable way.

"Teacher, it's very far here. I don't expect too much, but my home is here. I want to go home anyway. We may move here in the future and won't see the teacher as often as before. But it doesn't matter, the teacher already has a boyfriend, let your boyfriend take care of you."

Aon said, tapping his shoulder lightly and making a playful expression. Day had told Aon before that he and Mhok were together. Aon was the first person to know and gave Day some advice on love. Of course, Aon didn't actually give any advice. He just asked Day to give it a try, and Day followed suit. .

"Well, teacher, have you finished watching "Last Twilight" ?" Aon asked suddenly. "I've finished reading, teacher." Day replied, and then hurriedly continued: "No, teacher, the last page of the book I bought is missing, so I don't know what the ending is yet."

"Hey, where did the teacher see it?"

Aon didn't ask him what he thought, because Day had already said in class that it was Mhok who read the novel to him, and he also recorded the sound during the reading and saved it as an audio book.

"The protagonist reaches the cliff and goes to see the part where the last light comes, teacher." He said.

"Oh, by the way, I want to say, teacher, do you know? Although the author is a foreigner, he wrote this book in Songkhla. Moreover, the cliff is really also in Songkhla. Teacher, you see the back cover Did you take a photo of the sun? It was taken from the cliff in Songkhla."

Aon said excitedly and Mhok also showed interest in what he said. Mhok picked up his phone, looked up the back cover image online and showed it to him. Day held the phone close to his eyes so he could see clearly. But he had no idea the photo was taken not far from here.

"Shall we go, brother? I want to go and have a look." Day turned to ask 'Mhok.

"Okay, if Day wants to go, I can." Mhok answered without thinking.

Aon's partner said: "Then let's go quickly, Day and Mhok. It's very close to here. I can drive you nearby, but you still need to walk for a while. The road to the cliff is a bit steep, but it is easy to walk. . Day and Mhok have participated in marathons together before, so I think there should be no problem."

Hearing Aon's partner say this made Day feel a little moved. He turned around and leaned close to Mhok, asking him whether he should consider postponing their return plan. Initially they plan to go back right after Aon's wedding, but if that's the case, they might choose to stay a little longer so the visit can be more perfect.

"Aon, take me to dance, I want balloons." A little girl's voice sounded. Day followed the sound and looked over, and he saw a little girl about six years old, who was playfully shaking Teacher Aon's arm.

"They said whoever dances gets balloons, and I want balloons."

"Aon, I am chatting with my friends, and then I have to entertain the guests at the banquet. Go and let your mother take you dancing. I have something to do." Aon lowered his head and spoke patiently to his little niece. Aon's partner briefly introduced the little girl named Aom to Day and Mhok, but the little girl was not very interested in other things.

"Mom said she doesn't like dancing, but I want balloons, Aon." The little girl's voice was aggrieved, and you could guess that she was about to cry.

"Let's do this, Aom, let Uncle Day and Uncle Mhok take you, okay?" Day said kindly, imagining the scene of a little girl wanting a balloon, feeling fondly. Aon and his partner said yes, and the little girl happily agreed, so Day and Mhok took her to the middle of the dance floor to get balloons and dance together.

"Great, Uncle Day is the best!" Day and Mhok took all the balloons to Aom, and Day held Aom's hand and danced. But when the little girl got the balloon, she immediately ran back to show it off to her mother. Day and Mhok could only stand in the middle of the dance floor, but when the music started, they had no choice but to dance to the music.

"An obvious trap."

Day didn't care when he said this. In fact, he could have walked out, but walking out when everyone started dancing would have been abrupt, especially for Day, who couldn't have rushed off on his own terms. Mhok just smiled after hearing this.

"Actually, that balloon can be said to be a tool to convey love, giving us the opportunity to dance together. Without little Aom, Day would not have danced with me."

Mhok said, grabbing one of Day's hands and putting it on his shoulder. Mhok's other hand was wrapped around Day's waist, and the two held hands and swayed slowly to the rhythm of the music. The gentle melody rendered the world around them, making it appear brighter.

"Ouch!" Day shouted inadvertently because his foot was stepped on by Mhok.

"I'm sorry, Day, does it hurt?"

Mhok said as he prepared to let go and looked down at his feet. But Day held back and held Mhok's hand tightly, indicating that it was okay, and they continued to dance to the music.

"It's okay, I'll step on you right back."

Day said, smiling softly. Mhok didn't respond, just smiled and accepted and they continued dancing together. But not long after, Day actually accidentally stepped on Mhok's foot.

"I'm sorry, brother, does it hurt?" Day said softly.

"I didn't expect Day to actually step back on me."

"Oh, brother, I really didn't mean it."

Day felt a little guilty because he wasn't sure what happened to Mhok's foot. He observed Mhok but couldn't see clearly. Before he could do anything else, Mhok suddenly approached him and said softly: "If Day kisses my face now, I will kiss me back in the same way." Mhok's teasing

made Day smile shyly. Day gently patted Mhok with his hand on his shoulder. Mhok knew that Day would do this, so he pretended to wince in pain. Day smiled happily, Mhok always brought him joy.

"I really didn't expect that we would actually come to Songkhla," Day said with emotion.

"Oh? Where did you think I would take you in the first place?"

"Actually, I'm not sure. I know brother will bring me here, but I think it will be difficult."

"I told you a long time ago that I can do anything for you."

Mhok's blunt words made Day's heart surge. Maybe it was a good thing that he couldn't see clearly, because Day never really cared about other people, he only cared about Mhok, who was always there for him.

"Since I met brother, I have done a lot of things I wanted to do." Day said with a smile, "You gave me the courage." He continued.

"Actually, you also gave me courage."

Mhok responded to him. This made those who heard it frown in confusion. Day has no idea what he has done for Mhok. It seems that only Mhok has been doing anything for him.

"Have I done anything for my brother since I'm like this? I feel like I've never done anything for my brother." Day was puzzled.

"Day can see me. It's always been me in Day's eyes." What the person in front of him said shocked Day, even though he always felt ignored and considered insignificant. But he had almost forgotten that Mhok had suffered a lot in life too, but the scars were invisible to the eye.

In Day's eyes, Mhok's appearance gradually became clear. Mhok was closing in on Day, and for once, the young man didn't think about backing off or running away. The person in front of him is the most important thing, more important than the eyes of everyone around him, whether they are actually looking at him or not. The music ended in the final rhythm, and the people around began to move slowly, some returned to their seats, and some began to exchange places with others. The voices around them became louder, as if telling them that they should make certain decisions.

Mhok seized the moment and held Day's hand tightly and lovingly. "You can let go. We are at a party now, not the two of us alone."

"Does this mean you won't let go of my hand if the two of us are alone?"

"Oh...that's enough, that's enough. Maybe everyone in the venue is looking at us."

The young man muttered and told Mhok that he could take him back to his seat. Mhok smiled and followed Day's instructions. Day put his arm on Mhok's arm and walked out of the quiet dance floor. They chatted a bit during this process, but nothing in particular.

They walked slowly, and heavy footsteps seemed to be following them behind them. At first, Day thought it might just be his imagination. But the continuous sound of footsteps made Day frown and look confused. He secretly wondered if that person could be his brother, or his mother? But that seems unlikely, because if so, Mhok would have told him so.

"Day!"

The voice calling his name made Mhok and Day stop suddenly. The voice seemed familiar to Day, but he couldn't place it clearly. He thought about it for a long time, but still couldn't remember it, as if the voice was buried deep in the deepest part of his memory. He had to stand there and wait for the man to approach. And when he heard the next words, his body felt like it was being pierced by an icy wind.

"Day... it's dad."

Chapter 19

Day didn't want to stay and hear what Dad had to say, and he didn't regret not staying. The father made a mistake and abandoned them, leaving the mother with the sole responsibility of raising two children. Dad had many opportunities over the past nearly two decades to make up for his mistakes, but he didn't. Day meets him again by chance in his hometown, but Day is reluctant to accept it.

He asked Mhok to take him back to Aon's home as agreed before to rest. The person whose face he could no longer remember called his name lonely, just like the loneliness he had experienced continuously in his life. Day feels that he has never been lucky, but he feels that he is not wrong. He does not smile easily at other people's disappointments.

"Wow, the food you cook is so delicious, I can open a restaurant." A friend named Singha, who is also temporarily staying at Aon's house, praised him repeatedly. Mhok, who was in charge of cooking, smiled and thanked, while Day listened quietly, not knowing what to say.

"No, actually I can only cook some simple food." Mhok responded.

"It's not easy at all, brother. It's actually difficult to make simple and delicious food. Do you want to open a restaurant? I can introduce you to the head chef. The salary is very good, especially if you can make Thai food like you, go. If you open a Thai restaurant abroad and persist for a few years, your life will change a lot.

Day ate in silence, expressing no opinion. Mhok tried to avoid the topic, but Singha still wanted to get his contact information. Day didn't express any opinions because things about his dad kept running through his mind.

After breakfast, Mhok invited Day to go out to buy daily necessities, because he had to wait until the afternoon to go up to the cliff like the back cover of "Last Twilight", and then he could just see the sunset.

Mork drove Day down the road, and the whole thing was quiet. Day has barely spoken since returning from the wedding last night until now. His heart was in a mess, especially when he heard his father's last words.

"Night, he felt very sad kid."

"Take me here and take a look." Day held out the phone screen to Mork, which he had captured last night when he found his father's information on Facebook. With Aon's help, he found his father's contact information. He The father knew Aon's mother, and he had never been able to find a way to contact his father because he did not use his real name on Facebook.

Mork accepted his request and changed his driving route. Day's heartbeat accelerated, and he didn't know why. But he couldn't get those last words out of his mind, "He felt very sad that night,

kid." This sentence swirled in his mind all night, and maybe if he didn't go to see his father today, this sentence would linger forever. heart. My father was in the general outpatient department of the internal medicine department of a provincial hospital. He would come here as a charity singer, singing for patients and their family members waiting for examinations. When Day arrived, he sat in a corner not far from the performance area, with Mork sitting next to him. Day listened to the voice he hadn't heard for nearly twenty years until the last song.

"How does Dad know that Night is sad?"

After hearing Mork say that his father came over and sat down to say hello, Day was not interested or even willing to say 'hello' and just started asking questions.

"Actually, there's not much difference between Dad and Night, Day." Dad replied.

"Really? Did Night tell dad that he made me blind?"

Day tried to control himself from getting too loud, but it was difficult.

"Did Night tell Dad that he asked me to drive to pick him up when he was drunk? Even though I have said that I drive unsteadily at night. Did he tell Dad that the car accident was serious that night and he was not injured? But I lost my sight?"

Day became more and more excited as he spoke, and his voice became more and more trembling. He had always wanted to understand that his brother Night meant no harm that night, but he was about to go blind, his career as a national team athlete was over, and he became a pitiful and worthless disabled person.

"Did Night tell dad that he killed Day?" The young man tried his best to control his tears, and his body was shaking uncontrollably. But he couldn't actually do it, and tears came out of his eyes and flooded his entire face. Although he was still breathing; he was dead, and his eyes had lost their light, never to return. He is dead, he is really dead.

"Dad knows how sad Day is." Dad hugged Day tightly, although Day wanted to refuse his hug because the person in front of him was the person who had abandoned him, but at this moment, he felt very desperate. Disappointment was like waves, washing away his outer shell, leaving only helplessness and despair. He hugged his dad tightly, like he was clinging to the last piece of driftwood in the vast sea, trying to survive.

"Dad wants to tell you that Night and I are no different." The speaker gently touched Day's head. "When dad did something wrong, I know how much pain mom suffered, and I also know how big of a mistake I made. Mom told Day about dad, and everything she said was right, Day. Dad was not a good dad, and I I'm a bad person and I don't deserve a second chance as a mom."

Day was shocked and confused as he listened to his father's words.

"But Dad's only hope is that Mom can forgive him. He wants Mom to move on and live a happy life and leave all the resentment and hatred to Dad. Day, you know what? We feel most relieved when we forgive someone. Not them, but ourselves."

The father saw that his son was just crying and seemed not ready to answer anything, so he continued.

"Even if Mom forgives Dad and Day forgives Night, the hurt Dad did to Mom and my guilt, or Night's feelings for Day, will never go away, kid. Dad and Night have to live with that guilt. A lifetime. Because this is the mistake I made and this is what Dad deserves."

This sentence stunned Day. The young man always knew that Night was hurt just as much as he was; that his father was feeling the same pain as his mother. But he never let go of the hands that hurt each other more. He also always believed that the person who caused him pain should also suffer the same pain.

"But it would be better if even one person in this feeling of guilt feels pain, kid. Anyway, I hope that Mom and Day can be relieved, free from anger, and let their hearts heal. And like Dad, People like Night will live with this feeling of guilt throughout their lives."

That hug taught Day a lot, and the young man didn't know when he had forgiven his father. When he realized this, Day felt like that hug had become a safe place. Even though he didn't take it all in, he had to admit, he'd taken in a lot from the past few minutes.

Day felt like he was always in the eye of the storm, with no way out. But at the same time, when someone extended his hand, he always refused. Because he is afraid in his heart that if he steps out, he will lose the right to blame and find someone to share the pain with.

But does he really want to live out his life in this storm? The question came to his mind. He thought of his brother, how before his life changed, he and Night were like close friends, with plenty to talk about and everything to share no matter where they went. Home was a place he cherished deeply and longed to stay.

Does he really want this desire to win? After victory, who must lose and who must be injured? And when he still has to bear the pain of anger and hatred, can his victory still be called victory? He couldn't answer himself, the truth was that he was very tired and he wanted respite from the pain.

"Have Dad and Night been chatting?"

Day asked as he pulled himself out of his dad's arms and wiped away his tears, his face was probably a mess by now. His voice held a hint of anger towards his brother.

"Night has been calling dad since mom took you to Bangkok. In fact, Night is very dependent on dad, and dad has been learning about Day's situation through Night." Dad said frankly.

"Then why didn't dad contact me directly?" He asked unable to conceal his disappointment.

"Because Dad knows that Day hates Dad." The voice seemed to be admitting a fact that could not be concealed. "Dad is wrong. Dad has no right to contact Day and Mom. In addition, Dad also has low self-esteem. Dad knows that since Day moved to After Bangkok, you may not remember dad. If dad contacts you, you will only know what mom told you about dad."

The young man felt that his father seemed to have aged a lot.

"Dad was afraid to face reality, so he chose to stay in the memories of being with Day when he was a child. At least Day didn't hate Dad as much as he does now."

"Then why did dad come to see me yesterday?" the young man asked, and the other party was silent for a while.

"Because Dad knew that Day wouldn't have much time to see him. Night called and told Dad that Day would come here to attend the wedding and asked Dad to wait to see Day. Dad knew that Day might not want to see Dad, but if Dad didn't come to see Day, I will regret it for the rest of my life, just like my father feels about my mother." These words of my father seemed to have accumulated in my heart for a long time. Day lay down on the bench, head resting on Dad's lap. This may be the only remaining memory of childhood. He remembered that he loved snuggling in his father's arms and listening to him sing lullabies.

"Day, do you want to see what dad looks like? Night told dad that if he looks at it from a close distance, Day can still see it." Dad said with some hesitation.

"I don't want to see it," Day said in a deliberately naughty tone.

"But Dad wants to see what Day looks like."

Dad's voice became gentler, and the young man sat up and put his face close to his father. Dad's face gradually became clearer and clearer. The first thing that appeared was a pair of eyes full of sadness, which seemed to say that no matter what the reason, he would never forgive himself. Wrinkles covered his rough face. Dad was old, older than he thought. In contrast, my mother has also become older due to his illness and distress.

"I also hope that my father can forgive myself." Day said, "Since my father wants my mother and I to have the courage to forgive my father and Night, then my father and Night must also have the courage to forgive themselves. My father hopes that my mother and I can continue to live together, and I also hope that my father and , Night can move on with her life. I know it may be hard, but I want Dad to know that I won't be happy if I see Dad and Night wallowing in guilt."

Then he saw the tears flowing from those sad eyes, slowly sliding down the wrinkled cheeks. That was a man who might have struggled to be forgiven all his life. Dad pulled Day over, hugged him tightly, and repeatedly uttered words of thanks, as if there was nothing more valuable in the world.

"Forgive, and move on..." If this long journey was about meeting Dad by chance, it would be like a story. Day may end his story with this simple please, but of course he will continue to turn over a new leaf and move on with his life.

Life comes back to life...even if it's not exactly the way you dreamed it would be.

Chapter 20

"Would you like to go another day, teacher? The weather doesn't look good today." Aon reminded that he had just listened to the weather forecast and that his partner had the same concerns. In fact, even if Day couldn't see everything clearly, he had to admit that the sky outside the window was indeed darker than usual.

"It is true that Teacher Aon said, Day, the sky is indeed very dark today." Mhok also expressed the same move. Day's phone in his pants pocket was still vibrating, but he had no intention of taking it out to check. No matter what, he still had to go home tomorrow and couldn't wait any longer. This might be his last chance.

"Let's go, maybe the sky will clear up when we get to the mountains," Day said, as if he didn't hear what the others were saying.

"Then just listen to Day, I have no problem," Mhok replied, and Aon told them the rough itinerary - they would arrive at the station in a short while and would need to walk up the mountain. Aon's partner asked if he could take them up, but Day refused. If Aon's boyfriend is brought up, he will feel more troubled by others. In fact, even if Mhok was alone, it would be enough to take him up, because as far as they knew, the road to the mountain was not particularly steep.

"Then let's wait here." Aon said, and he and his partner got out of the car and walked towards Day. Day didn't prepare anything special, just wore a pair of sneakers that were easy for walking. Mhok grabbed his hand, placed it on his arm, and started walking up the mountain with him. The young man held Mhok's arm tightly, feeling very complicated. He seemed to have been looking at a countdown watch.

"The journey may be a bit far, Day. But the road condition is not bad. We can walk slowly. There is still a lot of time before the sun sets, and we will definitely make it." Mhok said, and began to lead Day along the mountain road. .

Although he couldn't see a 100% clear picture, he could still feel that there was a path under his feet and a dense jungle next to it. One side of the road is a high cliff-like terrain, and the other side is a less steep slope.

The two of them moved forward slowly, with steady steps. The surrounding environment was similar to when they went for a run together, but now the environment was more special. The young man took a deep breath and smelled the fresh scent of trees and heavy moisture, like the air after rain.

"Do you think it's going to rain? The weather isn't very good. Should we go back first, Day? If it rains in the mountains, it might be troublesome. I'm not sure if there's any shelter there." Mhok's voice said this Full of worry and uneasiness, his proposal, which was contrary to Day's firm intentions, made him hesitate for a long time.

"Let's go today. It doesn't matter if it rains, let's go see what happens," Day said.

"Then, if it rains today, I will bring Day again tomorrow."

The phone in my pants pocket vibrated again, this time longer than ever. Day didn't pick up the phone to look at it, just smiled.

"Maybe there's no tomorrow."

"Day said something I didn't understand."

The young man didn't answer. The sky began to look darker and showed no signs of clearing up, and the two continued on their way.

"Day, do you see the cliff over there? It's almost there."

Mhok's voice became higher and louder due to his position. Day smiled slightly, eyes darting around. As they went higher, the emerald green color diminished, and there was too much brown earth all around. The air is getting cleaner, but it's hard to feel it easily. Some pedestrians walked halfway and returned, complaining. A foreigner shouted that he couldn't see anything, but Day said he wanted to keep going.

"Here we are."

Day's boyfriend said, and began to hold Day's hand, and then slowly led him to the side of the birth. The scenery in front of him was dim, almost gray, completely different from the orange-red color on the back cover of the book.

"How long until the sun goes down?"

the young man asked, and Mhok fell silent as he seemed to search for an answer. But from that moment on, it was like Day already knew the answer. The sun may be setting now, or it may have already set, and all is not as expected.

"The sun sets in stages, Day. I'm not sure exactly when it will set."

"Then let's find a place to sit down and wait."

Mhok and Day found a simple chair and sat at a viewing point. The atmosphere around them was so peaceful that it seemed like no one else was there. It's probably as other tourists have shouted that there's nothing worth waiting for up here, and the sky shows no sign of getting any brighter.

Day took out his backpack and rummaged around for what he needed, the book in his hand bringing him here. Day reluctantly read the book, even though he couldn't see it,

He picked up the book again and looked at the back cover, but the light on the cliff was so weak that he couldn't even distinguish the colors in the picture. It was ridiculous.

"Brother, read it to me." Day handed the book to Mhok.

"now?"

"Right now."

As the young man said this, he fell down on the bench and lay down. When Mhok saw this, he lifted his head, placed it on his lap, and began reading again from the first page. The listener closes his eyes and lets his imagination fly as the story is narrated.

This story happened to a child who discovered that his body was gradually becoming blurry. If left unchecked, one day his body would become completely transparent and eventually dissipate. So the child begins his journey to find a new life.

The child discovered that the reason why his body slowly became transparent was that there was no sunlight, which made him start chasing the sun. He could only keep running away from the night, far away, so far that the darkness could not catch up, and so far that the darkness could swallow him up. Not the body that is broken by being invisible.

People say that the Cliff of the End is the place where the sun shines most beautifully. If a child can reach there, he may be able to heal his body and become his normal self again without gradually disappearing.

"The story ends here, Day. The last page is missing. The story ends with the child reaching the cliff of the end." Mhok said, his tone sounding very regretful because he could not fulfill Day's wish.

The young man sat up from the other person's lap. After listening, he kissed the other person's cheek gently, full of love and determination.

"Brother is very important to me." He said as he held the other person's face and brought it close, almost only a finger away. Although surrounded by black, it could not hide the other person's always bright eyes. Mhok's eyes were full of joy and surprise, and he smiled.

"Why do you suddenly say some strange things? Your mouth is so sweet." Mhok smiled.

"I want to tell you when I can still see my brother." Day responded frankly, with sadness in his smile. Mhok's eyes started to look confused and Day shook her head before meeting his gaze again.

"Day is always saying strange things. We still have a lot of time. The doctor said we still have 180 days. We have just started less than ten days," Mhok said.

"When I took a shower yesterday, I lost sight for several minutes. It was longer than when I went for a run. Maybe not as long as the 180 days the doctor said."

Day confessed that he had nothing to hide - he might soon lose his sight completely, but he had nothing to regret. After all, everything he wanted to do has been done.

Mhok didn't say anything, he just held his hand, invited him to stand up together, and walked towards the overhanging viewpoint again. Dark clouds still covered the sky, and the gloomy sky did not change at all, but instead looked worse. The depressing atmosphere made Day want to laugh at his fate.

"If I had magic, I would cast one last light for Day for you to see," Mhok said.

"Brother, try to describe what the last beam of light you will shine for me will look like." Day said as he smiled and closed his eyes.

"The last ray of sunlight will be golden, then slowly turn to orange, and the light surrounding the sun will turn crimson."

Based on the image described by Mhok, the young man imagined that in complete darkness, Day drew the hanging he was standing on and painted it with color.

"The mixed brilliance of red and orange illuminates the entire suspension. Looking around, there are bright colors. The huge and beautiful round sun makes the whole world feel like it is in a gorgeous dream."

Mhok's hand slowly caressed Day's face, sliding from his cheek to the corner of his eyes. Day opened his eyes, and the world was as bright and shining as the person in front of him said. At this moment, it was not because of the light of the sun, but because of the light of life given to him by the person in front of him.

"Did you see everything you wanted to see, Day?"

He could feel Mhok smiling.

"There's still one more picture I haven't seen yet."

Day reached out his hands and cupped Mhok's face, so close that there was almost no distance. The image of his beloved grew clearer and clearer until it was so bright that Day's eyes were almost glued to Mhok's face.

Time is running out, and the young man wants to remember everything about the man in front of him. He wanted to record every detail of Mhok and keep this last picture in his heart forever. Especially those eyes, the ones that never left him when he needed help.

Day closed his eyes, pressed his lips gently on Mhok's lips, and kissed him as tenderly as possible. He condensed all the love in the world into this moment, no more and no less, just like

the love raging deep in his heart. If losing his eyesight is the greatest misfortune, then the man in front of him is undoubtedly his greatest luck.

Day opened his eyes again...his world was completely dark.

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Chapter 21

Mhok takes Day down a cliff, with Day's eyesight almost zero at the time. He was neither excited nor surprised by what was happening because deep down inside he already knew that there wasn't much time left. Yesterday when he was taking a shower, he was blind for a few more minutes. He prayed in his heart that he could only have the opportunity to go to the edge of the cliff to see the last ray of light. If God existed, perhaps He would hear this young man's prayers. Because when he finally made it up, he ended up going blind in his eye.

Day's friend Aon drove him home to rest before taking the train back tomorrow. His phone kept vibrating, but like before, he pretended not to notice anything. The car drove slowly, and the phone continued to vibrate, even when it stopped in front of Aon's house.

"Day...why don't you answer mom's call!"

As soon as I entered the door, my mother's roar could be heard. Although he couldn't see it, Day could still guess what his mother's expression was like.

"I've already told my mother that I won't go back until I finish handling the matter. I'll go back tomorrow."

He said calmly that not long after leaving Bangkok, Night called and told him to go back quickly because his mother had urgent matters that she had to return to Thailand to deal with. But he didn't care and decided to stay until his mother came back and the matter was revealed. He didn't want Night to take responsibility, so he admitted everything.

"Why don't I know anything?"

Mhok said in confusion as he took a detour to take pay to find his mother and Night who came with him. Day chuckled slightly before telling the truth.

"I secretly took my brother's cell phone and blocked my mother's and Night's numbers."

"Day! "

The young man cried out in surprise, but it was no use, Day's journey was over, and just like the child in that book, there was nothing left to be sad about.

"How did you bring Day here? Who allowed it? You took Day out last time and caused trouble in Chatuchak. This time you took him to Songkhla. If something happens to Day, what will you do? Responsible!"

Day's mother screamed and scolded Mhok, and Night had to step in to stop him. Day held Mhok's arm and offered encouragement. His mother never imagined that her youngest son would be running around while she was away in Thailand. She always thought that her son, who

was about to become blind, would stay at home and lie in despair. Unexpectedly, one day her son ran away from home and came to Songkhla, and her world collapsed.

"What's wrong, Mom, what's going on?" Day asked calmly.

"Day, don't talk back to Mom." The voice sounded irritated.

"Day didn't talk back, Day just wanted to know what Mom was worried about what would happen to Day." The young man asked calmly. He already had a feeling that this moment would come sooner or later—either here or back home in Bangkok.

"Go home, Day. If anything happens, let's talk about it when we go home." Night tried to mediate, but Day still stood there.

"Night said that Day lost sight a few days ago. The doctor said that there may not be much time left and Day may become blind." Mom stammered, as if she thought this truth would hurt the listener's heart, but Day was better than her. Much stronger than imagined.

"Then what is mom afraid of? Are you afraid that I will become blind here?" he continued to ask.

"Yes, Day, what will happen if Day becomes blind here? Have you ever thought about it?" The mother's voice softened. She may have softened, but she still firmly resisted her son's stubborn temper. Day heard his mother's worry and could only nod. It seemed that Night was holding his other arm, but he ignored it.

"Mom, Day is blind now, I can't see anything." This revelation made everyone silent for several seconds, and then the mother's burst of crying was intertwined with Night's panicked questioning. Day felt like either his mother or brother had grabbed his shoulders and nervously asked how he was doing.

"Mom, don't you want to ask me how it feels to be blind here?" he continued, "Day saw everything he wanted to see before he went blind, Mom. Day has a life of his own, and Day can decide for himself Day's life. It's not that my mother is wrong to worry, but my mother can't keep Day locked up at home all his life."

"Mom, I'm sorry for you..."

Mom's simple apology shattered the walls Day had built up. My mother is a strong woman. She is a single mother and a well-known chef in the catering industry. This means that the word "weak" has never been mentioned in the image of mothers that Day has seen in his life. Mothers are always resolute.

He couldn't even remember the last time his mother said she was sorry. Mom didn't say anything more, because he believed she had thought it over carefully and was ready to accept everything. So his mother's apology was something he didn't expect. He thought his mother would remain silent at best.

"Day is also sorry. It was my fault to run away like this. But my mother also understands me, just as I understand my mother. My mother will not let me leave like this."

The young man said, turning in the direction where he thought his mother was standing. His mother's walls seemed to crumble as she ran her hands over his face, wiping away his tears - the tears he had shed at her unexpected apology.

"Let's go home." Night said calmly.

"Um."

Day replied, letting Mhok lead the way to Night's rental car. His brother gave Mhok the driving duties so he could arrange a flight back to Bangkok. Even though she knew there was nothing that could be done, his mother insisted that Day needed to go to the hospital.

It didn't take long for Mhok to drive to the airport. Night went to return the rental car while Mom went to handle check-in. Mhok was the only one left with Day, who had finished his check-in in advance and now found a corner to sit down.

"Day, are you okay?" Mhok asked in a gentler voice than usual.

Day let out a long sigh, not sure which question to answer first. Is it about my eyes that are completely blind now, or about my mother, whether it will cause more conflicts in the future, or about the unresolved problems in the chat with my father, or about my vision in the future being the same as now. An ambiguous future.

"I don't think so, but I don't know what to do if I don't think so." He smiled as he said it, as if he was mocking his fate. Two years ago he was an athlete on the national team, the hope of the country, everyone knew him, he appeared on TV shows, won trophies and made a lot of money. But what now? He still couldn't give a clear answer.

"If it's not good, let me comfort you. If Day can do everything, then what's the use of me?"

Mhok's intention in speaking was to lighten the mood.

"Then I don't think about it anymore, come and comfort me." Day replied teasingly.

"Day has always been important to me, no matter what. Day may find it funny, but you made me realize how important I am to a person. Before this, I had no real goals in life, but at least today I know why I have to live."

He reached out and took Mhok's hand on his knee, not caring whether his mother or brother saw him. Having a boyfriend is probably no worse than being blind.

"Brother, don't forget to love yourself," he said.

"Of course I do, but I love Day more."

Day smiled, then reached out and rubbed the other person's head. Who would have thought that the fiercest gangster in those days would become such a master of flirting today.

"That's my brother's business, but I have to say that I love myself the most, and I won't love you more than myself. If my brother is going to suffer a loss, then so be it." He shrugged pretending to be relaxed.

"It's up to you, I've always been suffering," Mhok said.

"Brother, does Sister Rung still have half of the installment on Sister Rung's car unpaid?" Day suddenly remembered and asked.

"It will be cleared by the end of this month, and I have to worry about finding a parking space again. Porjai is full of things." The other person answered with a smile.

"Brother, have you ever thought about what you want to do next?"

Day asked seriously, his joking tone gone. Mhok felt it too and was silent for a while.

"What, Day want to kick me out?"

"Brother, do you still remember that my mother said that I was going to take care of me when I was adapting to life as a blind person? Now I can take good care of myself, using a cane, learning braille, and living at home. When my brother is not here, I can live a normal life."

Day squeezed the other man's hand.

"I plan to go back and continue studying. I think it shouldn't be too difficult, because our college has also had blind people complete their studies before. I plan to return to a normal life as much as possible, and I also want to be able to stand up independently and truly be like a normal person. to live."

The young man didn't know whether the other party felt distant from the decision he had made, but he thought over and over again that this was the best way. Brother Mhok also needs to have his own life, even if they continue to date, he cannot be an employer and caregiver.

"I may feel sorry that it is not easy for people like me to find new jobs. Who would hire someone with a bad record?" Mhok laughed at himself.

"Is it difficult for me to find a job?" he asked.

"Of course, Day, for people like me, when people hear my background, they shake their heads. No one dares to give me a job."

Mhok said and laughed loudly. The corner of Day's mouth moved, and there was a wave of excitement in his heart. His hand unknowingly let go of Mhok's hand. But Mhok's laughter remained hearty and unaware.

"Day! "

Before they could continue the conversation, their mother's call rang, interrupting their conversation. Day turned to the direction of the sound, his brows furrowing. His mother's voice sounded strange, full of emotions—excitement, surprise, joy, anticipation, all mixed together.

"The Cornea Donation Center called and said that Day's cornea has been found!"

Chapter 22

The young man's cornea transplant began three days after the cornea donation center contacted him. Day had to undergo medical and tissue rejection tests and eventually undergo surgery. Everything went smoothly until the agreed week later when he was able to take off the bandages.

The recovery period was fraught with anxiety, and although doctors repeatedly stressed that the chance of losing sight was quite small, that didn't mean it wouldn't happen. Even if the worst happens, he can still receive a corneal transplant again, but he will need to wait in line again, and no one can guarantee how long it will take.

"If you are ready patient, slowly open your eyes."

The original doctor said this as Day prepared to take off the bandages for the first time. Everyone was there, including his mother, brother, and Mhok.

"When you open your eyes for the first time, take a look first. Try to see. It may be a little blurry at first. Tell the doctor what you see first. If you can see it, I will let you rest for about + minutes to let your eyes adapt, and then try again Try opening your eyes and your vision should become clearer.

the ophthalmologist said as he slowly removed the bandage covering Day's eye. The young man felt each layer of strapping being gradually loosened and then all removed. He took a deep breath and his mother held his hand tightly.

Day slowly opened his eyes.

"I can see it...I can see it."

He said and closed his eyes, tears streaming down his cheeks. Night was the first to make a cheering sound, followed by her mother's cry. Mhok didn't say anything, just rubbed Day's shoulder gently. The young man's tears still flowed uncontrollably, and his sobs were almost the same as his mother's.

"Then I will go out and inform the nurse to prepare the room for the detailed vision test. I will be back in ten minutes. During this period, please do not open your eyes until I come back."

The young man nodded in understanding, then heard the doctor's footsteps walking out of the room and closing the door. He let out a long sigh and wiped away his tears with his hands, telling himself that it was the best decision and that there would be nothing he would regret later.

"Can I talk to Mhok alone for a few minutes?" Day said, lying on the bed with his eyes closed. Pay may have some doubts about his cock and penis, but he walked out of the room happily. Pay waited for the door to be closed.

"Congratulations, Day, you are finally back to your old self." The familiar hands reached out and held his, and he felt the warmth given by the man who saved his life that day.

"Let's talk, brother, do you still remember the topic we didn't finish last time at the airport? About the difficulty you had in finding a job because of your criminal record, but the conversation was interrupted because of my corneas. I think Finish this matter."

Day said calmly.

"Why, Day? You want to drive me away when you see it?" the other party said jokingly.

"You said it's hard to find a job." Day said very calmly.

"Day also knows that because I have a criminal record, anyone who checks my background will not let me work. Especially at the beginning when I had to wear electronic shackles, it was even more difficult." Mhok answered.

"what about now?"

"It's still the same, people's ideas don't change easily, right, Day?" Mhok replied with a hint of sadness.

"Yeah..."

The young man took out his mobile phone and skillfully opened a specific folder. He opened an app that enabled his phone to read the text in the image aloud. He usually uses this tool to read various scanned documents, including books. But this time, he opened a screenshot, taken from a chat program.

Singha: "Think again, Mhok, they won't use you just because you have a criminal record."

Mhok: "Let's forget it, brother. No matter what, I have to take care of Day first. I can't leave Day behind now."

singha: "But this kind of good opportunity doesn't come around very often. If Mhok goes, he can become the chef directly."

Mhok: "I'm sorry, brother. It's really inconvenient for me."

Singha: "Go to work, save some money and you will be comfortable in a few years, Mhok. Try talking to Day, I think Day will understand."

Mhok: "Even if Day understands, I can't just leave him behind."

"Didn't we agree before that we wouldn't lie to each other or do things behind our backs?" Day's voice was as calm as the windless sea, which was unsettling. He lay quietly on the hospital bed,

actually wanting to know what Mhok's expression was at this moment. But then I thought about it, it actually didn't make sense anyway.

"I did not mean it."

"If you don't really think that way, don't say it casually." Day could hardly restrain his anger. "How could I type such a long paragraph if I didn't mean to do so?"

In fact, Day had been upset about the incident from the moment Mhok and Singha talked at the dinner table. While Mhok went to the bathroom, he had a chance to be alone with Singha. Singha hints that being able to work abroad is a great opportunity.

The young man thought that Singha must be trying to persuade Mhok to go to work. So he secretly took the phone while Mhok was asleep, intercepted all the conversation records and sent them to his phone, but he decided not to look at them until the last light disappeared. His gut told him to do it, and it was a good idea.

"I'm just worried about Day. Did I do something wrong, Day? I don't understand."

Mhok retorted, just as he expected, the other party would answer this way, so he nodded and responded in a calm manner.

"I have already told my brother that I no longer need anyone to take care of me. What else does my brother have to worry about?" he asked.

"That's right, Day. You said you don't need anyone to take care of you, but that doesn't mean I will leave you here and go abroad by myself, right? Aren't these two different things, Day?"

"It's the same thing, brother. How could it be different?"

The young man tried his best to control his emotions and remain as calm as possible. Memories with Mhok are always great and should last till the last day.

"Then Day, let me explain."

"If I hadn't been blind, would I have made the same decision?" he asked, which was a lingering question in his mind. The other party was silent for a long time, as if the answer had already been given. Day raised his lips with self-deprecation and self-compassion.

"Yes," Mhok replied after a long silence.

"Really... So now that I can see, brother try to explain, what else do I need you to stay and take care of? What else are you worried about that makes you unable to leave me?"

Mhok remained silent, as if he was at a loss for words. The young man sat slumped and had no strength to stand up again.

"How many times have I given my brother a chance? I have been waiting for him to tell me, but he has always been wrong. The first time I asked, he lied to me. I gave him another chance, but he continued to lie, i..."

Day's voice couldn't hide his disappointment. Day always thought that Mhok was the only person who would not sympathize with him, but that was not the case. Mhok, like everyone else, sympathizes with him and wants to protect him from anything that might hurt his soul. Mhok couldn't even tell the truth, let alone decide whether to go abroad.

"We have reached an agreement before, brother. If you sympathize with me one day, it will be over between us." "

"Day..."

"Brother sympathized with me today..."

"I'm very sorry."

"Let's end it here, brother." Day took a deep breath, "Now that we are separated, at least we still retain our good feelings for each other, which is better. What I need is brother's love, I don't need sympathy. I don't want to live in such a humble way, I don't want to become a disabled person who can only be taken care of by others."

"I never thought about Day that way."

Mhok's voice was so sad that it shocked Day. Day remained silent and did not refute anything. He had made up his mind to keep the memory of this love in front of the cliff where the last light disappeared. Despite this separation, his feelings for Mhok would not change, and he still told himself that Mhok had changed his life in a way that no one could, and no one could do it again.

"You will always be my favorite ex-boyfriend." Day laughed through tears.

"Can I hug Day one last time?"

The person in front of him said in a voice that sounded like he was accepting everything, and Day stood up, opened his arms, and hugged that beautiful love tightly for the last time. This man's soft breathing always soothed his heart, and the faint scent of tobacco haunted him. His armor-like arms always protected him from all harm, better than any protection he had ever known. True.

Today this person will leave and live his own life, just like Day will live his own life. Day has always promised himself that whenever he thinks back on this moment, he will think of it as the best parting, leaving no scars on each other, unlike what his parents once experienced. Mhok may not understand it today, but Day believes that one day Mhok will understand.

"Please ask mom to come in."

Before Mhok left, Day asked Mhok one last time, but Mhok hesitated and refused to leave, but this did not make Day change his mind again. Soon, he heard the sound of the door opening, everything returned to silence, and his tears flowed out again involuntarily.

"Day..."

I don't know if my mother and brother have realized that the relationship between him and Mhok has completely broken down, but when my mother opened the door and walked in, she rushed over and hugged Day. She didn't ask anything, but just gave it to her son when he was feeling helpless. support.

Everything has crumbled, not a single intact fragment remains. Day tried to pretend everything was normal and ended it all in her mother's arms. He cried and cried and couldn't stop crying. His cry was like he had accumulated all the emotions from walking down the cliff to today, just to release them all at this moment.

"Mom. I opened my eyes just now and couldn't see anything."

Chapter 23

Day completed his bachelor's degree over the next two years, earning distinction despite being unable to read a single word. He made a huge effort to listen to audiobooks, listen to lecture tapes, and take photos of teaching documents and listen line by line using a reading aid program. That's life, just keep moving forward.

After being discharged from the hospital, the atmosphere at home improved a lot. Although Day is still invisible, the difference is that he decides to forgive his brother, just like Dad once pleaded. Her mother also canceled all work trips that required her to go abroad. She stayed at home every night. The home became more and more cozy from the inside out, especially for Day herself.

This young man has never denied that the reason why he is where he is today is because of the beautiful love he experienced in the past. Mhok not only changed his life, but also changed many other things and made his family change as well. Mhok showed them what kind of help Day really needed in life, and when everyone reached out, Day was finally able to accept it.

Day lived a blind life, but he was also one of the most self-reliant blind people. He opened a small bookstore on a high-rise building in an office building area, and the space here was transformed into an art exhibition space. The young man rented a small room for his bookstore, choosing a small area inside the building because it was easier to walk to than the buildings outside.

His main occupation is selling books. Although his income is not much, it is relatively stable. Especially on the Internet, he can recommend every book skillfully. In addition, Day also works part-time as a freelance editor, which allows him to earn an income and become independent, especially as the audiobook market continues to boom.

If asked if he missed Mhok, he would have to admit - very much. Especially at first, being without Mhok felt like losing a part of me. But it also forced him to grow up, and he had no other choice. Mhok is like the white mist in the morning, always lingering in every memory of him.

Three years have passed, but his definition of love is still there, the same as before.

"Welcome to the Read Every Day bookstore, hello."

After Day heard the moving bell and footsteps in front of the store and walked into the store, the atmosphere was silent. He moved and stood up. The young man waited for the other party to open the door first, but the other party didn't say anything, nothing. A hint of the scent of marriage floated lightly in the air, and he couldn't help but think of someone who was deeply embedded in his memory and would never be forgotten no matter how much time passed.

"Is there any manual on raising goldfish?"

The hoarse voice said, and the scenes from the past suddenly came to mind. No need to ask anything, Day knew exactly who it was, and he could not forget that voice even for a moment.

"Is it for Jinsey or Nozomi?" he asked.

"Day..."

"Hello, Mr. Mhok."

The young man smiled and shrugged. He was particularly uneasy, worried that the other party would notice. In the past three years, although people had come and gone, no one had made him feel like he knew him as well as Mhok did. So Day never really opened up to anyone again. He is not waiting for Mhok, but waiting for the kind of love that Mhok once gave him.

"I agreed not to call me 'you' anymore." The person in front of him said it as if nothing had happened between them.

"Stop joking, shouldn't the current one be different from his predecessor? But forget it, are you here to buy books? What a coincidence." He said with a sarcastic tone.

"Actually, it wasn't that coincidental. It happened that the restaurant I was working at was moving to Scotland. I didn't want to go so far away, so I decided to go back to Thailand to find a job." Mhok said, even with a hint of happiness in his tone.

"There is a restaurant downstairs. You can go and ask. Maybe they are hiring chefs," Day replied.

"But I want to be the one who takes care of you more than anything else."

The sound of Mok's footsteps surrounded the surroundings, intertwined with the sound of turning pages and the vibration of paper, like a symphony. Day returned to his usual spot in the chair behind the register.

"That should be difficult because everyone here can live independently without needing care."

He replied, picking up his headphones and getting ready to work on those unfinished editing tasks again. Another person in the store sighed, and then the store fell into a long period of silence. Day pretended to turn on the music and continue working, while Zed let the silence last.

"Can't we go back to the old days, Day?"

This plain question seemed to suck out all the air in the small bookstore. The shop owner was at a loss. The young man never imagined that he would hear such a question. A long, long time had passed.

"Stop joking, bro. I don't find it funny."

"I'm not kidding, I'm serious."

"Let the past be bygones, brother. I feel that life between me and brother is very good now." Day tried to refuse, hoping to dig up those feelings again.

"My life is not good at all without Day."

Mhok's half-truths were too much for him to handle. The young man decided to stand up again and walk towards where he expected the other person to be standing. He reached out to touch his predecessor's elbow and pressed it gently, indicating how serious he was about what he was going to say next.

"Brother Mhok... In the past time, it's not that I didn't love you. I loved you, and I loved you very much, but brother Mhok, I can't live in the love of being pitied all my life." Day spoke in a sudden tone. Get serious.

"Day... I understand you, if you ask me, I will admit frankly that I was wrong that day, I hid the truth from you, I deceived you, and I probably did it out of sympathy for you.

Mhok's tone suddenly changed from joking to serious, and he took Day's hand.

"But things are different now, Day," Mhok said firmly.

"Now I am ready, I have become mature, Day... I am not here to ask you to go back to the past chapter, but I want to ask you to turn a new page with me and give me a chance, okay? ?"

"I'm still in that position, brother Mhok. I can't live in the feeling of being pitied all my life." Day said seriously, "As long as I am still such a blind person, I will not be able to wash away this inferiority complex from the bottom of my heart. I will pursue my pursuit again when I regain my sight. Me."

"Day, I'm not kidding, I'm serious."

"Do you think I was joking when I broke up with you that day?" Day shook his head and took his hand out of the other person's hand. "I was just as serious that day as you are today."

The two fell into silence again, each letting out a long breath, as if they each had endless things to think about. The two of them were facing an unreachable wall, and they didn't know how to get over it.

"What can I do to get Day to give me another chance?"

Mhok stepped closer, causing Day to take another step back. Mhok's footsteps stopped and they were not far apart.

"The question you asked is something I am really asking myself. I have been thinking about this question over and over for the past three years."

"Did Day find the answer?"

"there has never been.."

Day's answer seemed to create a vacuum in the entire small bookstore, and Mhok let out another heavy sigh.

"When are you closing, Day?."

"It closes at six o'clock."

"Then can I take you home later? I just came back and wanted to stop by to see Night and say hello to your mother. If possible, I would also like to meet Jinsay and Nozomi."

Originally, Day was going to reject the other party, but when Mhok mentioned the two goldfish, Day thought that Mhok had at least once been a dazzling light in his life, and the young man smiled.

"There's no place to wait in the store. Come back at six o'clock."

"Thank you, Day, thank you very much."

The ex's voice was filled with gratitude, and then he huffed and left the store. When the wind chime sounded as a signal for the other party to leave, Day sighed deeply, and the thoughts in his head were in a turmoil, making it even more confusing to sort out.

He admits that the mere smell of tobacco on Mhok initially sent his heart racing out of control. Past emotions are like sediment in the body, being stirred up again. But soon the wall he could not cross was erected as solidly as before.

Day was completely unable to concentrate for the rest of the session. He tried editing the audiobook over and over again, and eventually had to give up because forcing a continuation would completely ruin the work. Fortunately, not many customers came, but Xiang might have recommended the wrong book.

At six o'clock sharp, Mhok came back and he came in to help tidy up the shop, even though Day said he didn't need to help. 'But it still didn't work out, so we had to acquiesce to the other party, otherwise we would fall into endless disputes. Day packed his valuables into his bag and walked out of the store.

"Did you forget to bring anything?"

"If you forget, just come back tomorrow."

Mhok accepted with a smile and locked the door, giving the key back to Day to keep. The boy walked familiarly on the way to the elevator, and the two entered the elevator. Before Day asked Mhok to press the button for the parking floor, Mhok said that he was driving Sister Rung's car.

The elevator slowly descended from the floor where Day's bookstore was located, but not even ten seconds had passed when it was as if a giant hand violently shook the entire world. Then everything stopped, and a sharp alarm sounded in the elevator, accompanied by the signal that the elevator phone was connected.

"What happened, brother?"

the young man asked sheepishly. Mhok said he didn't know that the elevator suddenly stopped and the emergency lights came on. The elevator phone signal rang for a while, and then a voice came from the small speaker:

"Dear customers, we are very sorry. Due to a sudden thunderstorm, the entire street circuit was damaged. The elevator may not be started until the power is restored. Please rest assured that the elevator will not be in any danger, but customers may still Have to stay in the elevator for a while..."

Chapter 24

"Did you make this a prank?"

The young man complained half-jokingly as he felt the distance between the walls and sat down. Why does everything fit so coincidentally? But he was used to judging by the characteristics of the sound. Judging from the reverberation, distance and clarity of the sound, what the woman said should really come from the elevator speaker.

If Mhok really planned to deceive him through the sound of the Yangnan device, it shouldn't be possible. But it's equally unlikely that his predecessor would have planned it with employees in the building. Everything is like a coincidence arranged by God.

"I have told Day that I will never lie to you again, nor will I do things silently behind your back." Mhok said on the other side of the small elevator.

"Day, are you just not going to trust me?" The person sitting on the other side hugged his knees and inadvertently showed a wry smile. The other party is too willing to turn the topic to himself. As Day listened intently to the distant silence, there was a sudden rumble of thunder and the sound of rain. The weather outside must have looked bad, and the sound could be heard even in the elevator. It looked like they might have to stay here for a while.

"You're really good at changing the subject," Day said.

"I already said it, I mean it." the other party replied.

"Let's not talk about this, brother. I'm tired."

The young man did not lie. Every time he rejected Mhok, he was rejecting his own heart. Deep down in his heart he wanted to hug the person in front of him, but what was the use? How much will his inner sense of worth be shaken? That low self-esteem because you need to be taken care of is really disgusting.

"Day, do you remember the promise we made? You promised me that when important moments come, you will believe in me, especially when it comes to yourself."

Mhok said calmly, and Day mentally recalled that moment when they escaped to Songkhla together. The image of that time emerged in his mind, even though it seemed so blurry.

"I'm talking about if it has to do with my own health."

"It's relevant...because I'm talking about myself and Day's blindness."

His ex's voice was heavy and serious, enough to make the wall in his heart tremble. He never wanted to hurt the person in front of him again, because it would also cause him pain.

"Okay, I will keep my promise, brother, just tell me."

"In the past, I did make mistakes and let you down on the things that Day had pleaded for. Today I admit my mistakes and come to ask Day to give me a chance. Day still has a good impression of me, but you can't overcome your disappointment in me. Day said how do you know if I'm going to make the same mistake again... am I right?"

"Yeah..." Day admitted frankly.

"Day..." The other party took a deep breath as he spoke, as if to give himself courage, "What you are experiencing now is the love of ordinary people."

This sentence made the young man turn his face to face the speaker, even though he knew he couldn't see anything when he turned around, but he never really considered what the other person said.

"This is how ordinary people's love is, Day. We never know how the future will end, whether our lover will repeat the same mistakes, or whether we ourselves will make mistakes, no one knows. Day, even so we still choose To love."

Mhok reached out and took Day's hand. This time, Day didn't refuse. Mhok's palms were wet and he seemed nervous. Mhok, like him, is filled with scars but still has hope for love. Maybe it was Mhok who was truly able to transcend the past, and he, thinking he did, actually did the opposite.

"Three years ago, I did make Day's eye problem a condition of our relationship. I don't deny that I did." Mhok paused before continuing, "But today, I want to ask Day, Did Day also use your eye problem to hijack our relationship?"

The simple question destroyed all the defenses in Day's mind. Mhok answered him with logic that he couldn't argue with, what was stopping him from moving on? Is it the fear that Mhok might do it again, or is it the wall he has built due to his vision problems that isolates him from the outside world.

"If Day were not blind today, would Day get back together with me?"

"Brother Mhok..."

At that moment, the young man understood everything. He couldn't help crying, not because of sadness or regret, but because of the ultimate happiness, he finally broke free from the shackles that bound him.

"How about it Day, I've been waiting for your answer."

"Brother, did you leave for several hours just to come up with this reason?" Day said while laughing. Mhok held his hand, then slowly sat next to him and pulled his head to his shoulder.

"Mhok went to Day's house to find his mother." Mhok admitted.

"Hey, brother, didn't you say you wanted to go together?" He retorted half-jokingly.

"Sooner or later, I have to go with Day anyway. I am going to visit as Day's former caregiver. But I need to visit first because there are some things to resolve about Day and Day's mother."

"What's going on?" he asked curiously.

"About Day's father, the other party said, "After we broke up that day, I walked out of the room and went to explain everything to Day's mother, especially our relationship. Because I want her to understand that I am not here to deceive Day, I really love Day. Even though the relationship ended, I kept insisting that all the feelings were real. "

"My mother never told me," Day said.

"She may be waiting for Day to say it himself. If Day doesn't want to say it, she may pretend not to know." The ex said.

Day recalled that at that time, he cried in front of his mother as if he was going to die. All the emotions were mixed together, the failure of the operation and the deeply expected love that was shattered.

"What did brother and my mother talk about?"

"Remember when I met your dad in the hospital? I was sitting there too, and I heard all your conversations. I also talked to Night during our breakup. I was worried about Day, so I often chatted with Night. Night said that Day had forgiven him, and Day and Night had restored their previous close relationship." Mhok said, "But Day, don't be angry with me for chatting with Night. I didn't do it behind your back. Day has blocked me. No, I can't tell you. If I could, I would have told you."

The other person's nervous look made Day laugh.

"I haven't said anything yet," the young man muttered.

"So I was thinking, if Day can get over what happened to Night, why can't he get over what happened to me? I don't understand. What should I do? So I went to talk to Day's mom. Because I believe in Day 's mother hasn't forgiven Day's father yet. I want to know the reason," Mhok narrated in detail.

"Then what did mom tell you?" Day asked. He himself had never dared to ask his mother about this before.

"Day's mother has completely forgiven Day's father."

These simple words were like a strong wind blowing away, blowing away all the heavy past and turning it into insignificant dust. Day had never opened up to his mother about the subject, the idea being that daddy matters would always be taboo in the family.

"Why..." As a son, he didn't understand.

"Because Day made your mother understand everything."

These words made Day even more confused. He anxiously asked Mhok to continue explaining, especially because the incident came back to him.

"When Day was going blind, your mother always resisted her inner feelings. She couldn't accept it. She tried to take on more work to keep herself busy and forget those feelings, but this also hurt Day. You Mom said she was never there for you when you needed her."

"What does that have to do with my dad?"

"Because everyone makes mistakes, Day...even the people we love the most, we all make mistakes. Your mother said that Day taught her that even the most perfect love is never perfect, because we are all People, we can make mistakes. But what matters is how we overcome those mistakes." Mhok gave an angle he never thought of.

"Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

He said after a moment of silence that he could not string together all the stories Mhok had told, which had shaken him deeply.

"Can we start over...together?"

Mhok asked in the same firm tone. This time, Day did not answer with words, but slowly moved his hands to the other person's face, feeling it carefully, then pulled the other person closer and gently kissed her.

In the sweet taste of love, Day seemed to smell the smell of tobacco filling the air again. He didn't know whether it was real or an illusion. Mhok came and changed his life forever, warming everything like the dazzling sunshine on a cold day.

He couldn't remember how long it had been since he felt like this. His heart seemed to be tightly surrounded by soft emotions, as long as the three years since they broke up.

We all have flaws and imperfections because we are human. The kind of love that Mhok is talking about for ordinary people may be simple, imperfect, stupid, fallible, but still full of love, still holding on to hope for a distant future that can be seen even in the darkest days. A ray of light at the end of the cliff.

The young man's cell phone suddenly vibrated. They both laughed, and Day reluctantly moved away from the other's lips and picked up his cell phone to answer the call. He thought it might

be a call from his mother who was worried about him coming home later than usual, or from his brother, but no. The call was another voice he had been waiting for.

Chapter 25 ~last chapter~

Foreword (written by the editor)

It would be an understatement to say that this is the most rewarding work of my life. I was very happy when I learned that the original author of the book "Last Twilight" would re-translate it into Thai after revising the ending of the story. And when I learned that I would be honored to be the editor of the new translation, my joy could not be greater.

I had read a previous Thai translation of this book, but luckily or unfortunately, the last page of the book was missing and I had no idea what happened at the end. To be honest, there were countless ways for me to find out what the real ending was, but I never really pursued the answer. Because I believed that book was no different from my life, I decided to write the end of the story myself.

I hope every reader will get pleasure from this book. It was a brilliant decision to adapt the ending of this book because the author is like a god in the world he created. The author, as God, decided to change the ending of the book, which may be telling us that our lives can be changed...

No matter what you face, never give up.

Danaianat Koprannaphakun.

[Newly adapted version edited.]

"Day! "

A familiar shout came from outside the room. The young man stopped editing the foreword and turned off his computer screen. The content of the preface is actually quite complete, but he plans to come back and check it carefully later in case there are typos or areas that need to be revised.

He rubbed his eyes as he walked toward the door. Since receiving corneal transplant surgery, his vision has become brighter again, but he occasionally experiences fatigue and blurred vision, possibly due to long-term discomfort. He guessed it would take him quite a while to get used to it.

"What's wrong, brother?" He opened the door and saw his lover standing there.

"Come on, everyone is ready, only Day is missing."

Mhok took Day's hand and pulled him downstairs with him. Day couldn't help but laugh.

"I can see now. You don't have to lead me away."

"I'm not holding your hand as a caregiver, but as your boyfriend."

Mhok smiled as he talked and took Day to the small garden at home. A big table mat has been laid out there, and Day's mother is preparing the meal there. Night is holding a water bottle and a drink bottle, and Porjai and her little son named Phumjai are also here.

"Day, come and try our restaurant's new menu this month. I come up with a new recommended dish every month in the restaurant - seafood sauce pasta." Mhok said proudly, handing Day a plate after he sat down. .

"Show off." Day said with a smile.

"Mom, do you want to have a taste?"

Mhok handed the prepared plates to everyone one by one. When it was Day's mother's turn, Mhok looked a little nervous as she was a well-known top chef in the country. Day's mother nodded, then took the plate and took a taste while Mhok watched nervously.

"It tastes very good, Mhok, and it's quite novel. Mom thinks it's okay to tell the store to raise the price a bit. I think it will definitely sell out and Thai people will like it."

Day's mother said with a smile, Mhok was so happy that he couldn't help hugging Day, and Day laughed out loud. To him, the sky after the rain is extraordinarily beautiful.

"Don't go too far, boy."

Night dissuaded him humorously. Porjai turned his head and lightly hit Night on the shoulder. Day immediately noticed this action and frowned involuntarily.

"what's the situation?"

He raised his eyebrows and looked at his brother curiously, his eyes flicking back and forth between Night and Porjai, looking a little confused. Night hesitated, turned to Porjai sitting next to him and nodded in confirmation.

"Porjai and I are dating." Night said.

"Holy shit, is it true?"

The young man cried out in surprise, Mhok's eyes widened, and it was the mother who didn't seem to have any particular reaction. It seems that Night has already told his mother, and it seems that Day is going to lose his position as the most favored son and give it to his brother.

Why are you saying it now? It's been so long and why is there no news at all? Day asked confused.

"It's only been two or three months. We didn't hide anything intentionally, but after all, we are still young and don't want to embarrass others by having a casual relationship, so we decided to confirm the relationship before making it public." Night replied.

"Does this mean you are sure now?" Mhok turned to Porjai and asked.

"Oh... Mhok, with such a handsome face, how could I not be OK?" Porjai's words made everyone laugh. Day's mother pulled Porjai aside and whispered, and they both laughed. It seems like the two are closer than expected, but it's understandable since his mother and Porjai are both single mothers, so they can certainly relate.

"It seems I have to tell Sister Rung about this." Mhok said with a smile.

"Before you told her this, did you mention your boyfriend first?" Porjai said jokingly, then looked at Day. After they officially became a couple, Day took Mhok to introduce him to all his good friends, including August, Gee, Aon, and friends from the badminton club.

Mhok also wanted to introduce Day to people in his life in response, but for Mhok, there was no one else except Porjai who knew everything from the beginning. Finally, the young man took Day to meet Sister Rung and his parents and performed meritorious deeds together.

"If you hadn't left the hospital angrily because you were angry with me that day, we might not be here today. It's quite interesting to think about." Night said, which made Day couldn't help but think back to that day. It was such a coincidence that he actually met Mhok. , and the relationship between him and Mhok also led to the acquaintance of Porjai and Night.

"That's true," Day agreed. But if all this is destiny, that is not necessarily true, because in the journey of life, there are countless intersections where choices need to be made. Had he decided to take a different turn, the world might have given him a completely different life.

Day doesn't know that the paths not taken would be better or worse than the current one. He might be able to have a better life, but who knows? If you ask him if he would ever look back and doubt the path he chose, the answer is absolutely not. That's life, no one knows what will happen.

Life is very happy now and he can never go back to the past. Young people are busy with trivial things every day. These small things may not be important to the world, but they are of great significance to his heart. The people around him, the connections he had with others, and the beautiful love he didn't want to lose.

After lunch, almost in the evening, his mother offered to take Porjai to get vaccinated, because Porjai needed to deal with her parents' visit from out of town, and Night also planned to see her off and introduce himself.

Mhok took Day back to Wucheng again, and the environment looked very different. Because the world around Day had been blurry before, this was the first time it became so clear. The young

man must try his best to adapt and tell himself that he is no longer blind and that the people around him are not only his caregivers, but also his lovers.

"Brother, what do you think the sunlight in the book 'Last Twilight' represents?" Day asked while feeding Jinsey and Nozomi.

"Maybe it's the sight, Day. The author was writing for a child who was about to go blind, maybe comparing the fading sight to the light of the sun." Mhok answered.

"But I think it's more like hope, bro."

Day replied, happily watching the goldfish swimming around in the glass tank. Mhok saw Day being silent and asked him why.

"I think each of us is like that child, living to chase the sun, but not for eyes, not for sight... but for the hope of his own life."

"When will Day start seeing light?" Mhok asked.

"Probably from the moment hyung entered my life." Day replied with a smile.

"It sounds like Day is showing love to me."

Day's lover came from behind and hugged him. He pressed his face against the other's shoulder, as if they wanted to pass on each other's warmth to each other.

"No...I haven't said I love you yet."

"Then if you say you love me, what should you say?"

The young man smiled happily, his eyes looking at the person in front of him with the clarity he had always expected. He held the other person's face and kissed her passionately, his heart overflowing with love. Before meeting Mhok, his life was as lonely as Jinsey's, and then Mhok appeared like a ray of hope, Nozomi.

The other person returned the kiss, just like the one he'd always known. Although Mhok has quit smoking for a long time at his request due to health reasons. But that slightly bitter, deep, and charming taste seemed to stay on Mhok forever. Day sucked the fragrance into his body, and he never got tired of it.

As they indulged in the kiss, Day slowly closed her eyes, not expecting anything from the future. No matter what the future is, as long as they learn and live together, this may be the end of his long road to pursue the light.

Die.

Rebirth.

and saw things that had never been seen before.

His future may become murky again, who knows, but if that does happen, he won't regret anything anymore. He had seen everything he wanted to see, especially the look of love in those loving eyes that would never leave.

This kind of love is tangible...it's just so tangible.

Hazelpeenutz

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